

COLLEGE BASKETBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 1, 1960 \$1.50

That Old School Spirit

Ralph Sampson,
Virginia

Albert King,
Maryland

Mark Aguirre,
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JACKSON AND RUBENSTEIN HAVE US COVERED

Those smiles of relief are on the faces of photographer Raeanne Rubenstein and reporter Roger Jackson because they're finished with this week's cover. Basketball editor Larry Keith came up with the motif, based on Archibald M. Willard's painting, *The Spirit of '76*. Willard painted perhaps a dozen versions, one of which was sold last Saturday for \$150,000; but Jackson and Rubenstein produced the version on our cover.

The cover had its genesis in Curry Kirkpatrick's story on Virginia's Ralph Sampson, DePaul's Mark Aguirre and Maryland's Albert King (page 34). In hopes of leading their teams to the NCAA championship, the three stars had turned down the prospect of big bucks from the NBA. As Keith and Jackson wondered how they were going to link the players pictorially, Keith said, "In a way, these guys are patriots," and suddenly he had a vision, of drummers, a wounded life player and the smoke of battle.

Rubenstein had 10 days to find costumes, gather props and shoot the photo. Fortunately, she had prepped by turning up the CAUTION, STOP and ROAD CLOSED signs that surrounded five defensive virtuosos in a feature picture in our 1979 college basketball issue. And that year Jackson, who once studied to be a Catholic priest and retains considerable powers of persua-

sion, was charged with coaxing the defenders into fitting another road trip, for the shooting, into their schedules.

This year he had to make fewer calls, but each one took a little longer. Rubenstein couldn't come up with ready-made Revolutionary War costumes for the three tall men, and Jackson had to instruct the players by phone in the measuring of inseams and sleeves, relaying the figures back to her. One costume company, hearing what the job entailed, offered to make the outfits for \$4,000, but Rubenstein got the Eaves Costume Company to do it for \$600. (The firm hopes to defray the rest of the suits' cost by renting them out.) She hired an artist to render a convincing blend of dawn light, mist and gunsmoke for a background and sent an assistant off with a truck to buy 600 square feet of sod. The turf was spread on the floor of Rubenstein's Manhattan studio, most of it grass side down, this being a battlefield not a golf course, and then she drove to Central Park to collect rocks, twigs and leaves for the finishing touches, which she subsequently returned to the park.

Jackson got the big three to the second-floor studio on time, and the 5' 2" Rubenstein was waiting at the door. She had to stop Aguirre and King four steps from the top in order to shake their hands—Sampson was a five-step man. At 7' 4", he would balance the scene at center—center drum, that is. The 6' 7" Aguirre would play left drum, and King, at 6' 6", would be the life player.

The picture hadn't been planned for the cover, but Keith didn't have to push very hard to get it there. As he says, "Raeanne took our idea and made something really special."

So did the Eaves Costume Company, which is presumably counting on Sampson, Aguirre and King getting themselves invited to a number of masquerade balls.

Philip D. Harbert

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

A LEARNING EXPERIENCE

San Diego State Coach Claude Gilbert tried to prove that college football could actually have something to do with higher education and higher values. Gilbert taught his players lessons in humanity and fair play, witness the testimonial of Defensive Back Johnny Moore, who quit the Aztecs after his sophomore year, briefly matriculated at a couple of other schools and then returned last year. Another coach might have derided such a player as disloyal, but not Gilbert. Says a grateful Moore, "The only thing Claude told me was, 'Johnny, it's good to see you back. We all have to do things to get away at times.'"

Moore's experience isn't unique. There's also the case of Quarterback Mark Holda, who lost his starting job this season but says, "Coach Gilbert never got down on me as a person. He felt as bad about the trouble I was having as I did." Then there's Tailback Craig Ellis, who was dismissed from this year's team for disciplinary reasons but was allowed to keep his scholarship. He says of his coach, "The man cared for me, not for Craig Ellis the football player." Gilbert also won the admiration of San Diego State faculty members, one of whom says, "Claude never interfered with the teaching other than to support us. If he did intervene, it was to encourage one of his players who was doing well in the class to help a teammate who wasn't doing as well. I listened to players talk about Claude. You could tell he cared about them."

But the 48-year-old Gilbert committed an unpardonable sin. After having a 57-18-2 record in his first seven seasons, he slipped to 2-8 this year, and last week, with two games left in the season, he was fired. Disappointed about his sacking, which is effective at the end of the season, Gilbert said bravely, "I'm going to drive into the mountains and talk to a cow. I'm going to watch a butterfly and listen to a bird, and after that I'm going to find an ol' coach another job in coach-

ing. I love the kids, I love the game." Despite his love of his sport, Gilbert may have wound up proving that college football doesn't have much to do with higher education after all. What it does have to do with was underscored by Aztec Athletic Director Gene Bourdet, who explained Gilbert's firing by saying, "We cannot succeed with the crowds we've been getting. We cannot survive unless football makes the revenue."

LOST AND FOUND

Organizers of the New York Marathon have completed an inventory of items that participants, spectators and interlopers walked (or ran) off with at this year's race. The \$15,000 worth of missing goods includes 2,200 woolen blankets used for bundling runners against the chill New York winds, 135 coats, a gasoline-powered generator used to provide power for a public-address system, six tables, 12 chairs, a five-gallon red gasoline can, more than 1,000 feet of nylon rope used to cordon off the runners before the race, a TV monitor and 800 T-shirts that were swiped before they could be distributed to runners. Among items left behind: 1,000 sweat suits and 200 blue jeans (which the organizers intend to give to charity if they remain unclaimed), five cameras, \$55 in cash, 2,000 jars of Vaseline, 2,000 bottles of vitamins, 200 books (including copies of *Serpico*, *The Far Pavilions*, *The Member of the Wedding*, *The Sting* and two Bibles), a dozen eyeglasses, 30 toothbrushes and three suspicious-looking unsmoked cigarettes.

PEKING WEST

By now the details of Koch's Folly are well known, even outside the Big Apple: 1) how New York City Mayor Ed Koch, returning last winter from a trip to China during which he'd seen hordes of bicyclists on the streets of Peking, decided it would be environmentally efficacious if New Yorkers rode bikes, too, and accordingly spent \$290,000 to install five miles of curbed, six-foot-wide

bicycle lanes along several Manhattan thoroughfares; and 2) how last week, barely a month after the bike lanes had been dedicated, they were ripped up at a further cost of \$100,000. Koch having abruptly decided that the project was a dismal failure.

A politician admitting an error is a rare and wonderful event, but Koch seemed almost too eager to purge himself. In dismissing the bike lanes as a flop, he accurately noted that they had made Manhattan's streets even more congested than usual and that they had caused a lot of hard feelings among pedestrians.



motorists and cyclists. Koch also insisted, somewhat contradictorily, that the bike lanes were going virtually unused.

There's reason to wonder how committed the mayor was to bicycling to begin with. In creating bike lanes without adopting corresponding measures to restrict auto use, his half-Koched scheme virtually guaranteed clogged streets. And many of the nastier spats involving cyclists might have been averted had police more strictly enforced traffic regulations regarding the riding of bikes; cyclists, for example, tended to run red lights at will. Some City Hall aides conceded that the lanes were being jettisoned just as an uneasy coexistence was starting to develop between cyclists and their foes.

And why the haste? A transportation department supervisor overseeing the dismantling on the Avenue of the Americas noted that there was a hint of snow

continued

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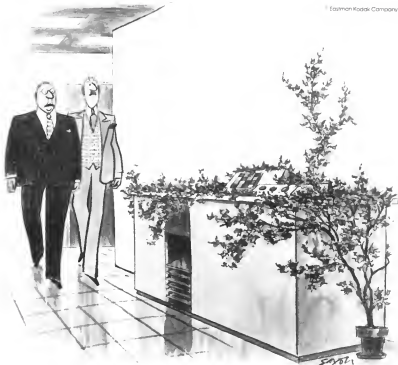


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in the air and speculated that it had belatedly occurred to Koch that plowing the narrow lanes might be tricky. The lanes were eliminated, he theorized, to avoid the political backlash that would ensue if some of the bundle-laden Christmas shoppers so dear to the city's merchants started slipping and falling as they tried to traverse ice-clogged bike lanes.

A BLAST FROM THE PRESENT

Massillon Washington (known around the country simply as Massillon High) is a public, largely blue-collar school that became synonymous with powerhouse high school football in bygone years by winning 22 mythical Ohio championships under such coaches as Paul Brown and Earle Bruce. But of late the Tigers had slipped a bit, failing to advance beyond the semifinals since state playoffs were introduced in 1972.

Cincinnati Moeller is a private, all-male Catholic school that attracts mostly upper-middle-class kids. It took up where Massillon left off, winning 57 of 58 games and four state titles in the past five years and sending scores of players to major college teams, including 16 over the years to Notre Dame. With 16 assistant coaches, a virtually unheard-of number even in the college and pro ranks, Moeller incurred the wrath of rivals who considered its program too grandiose. But Ohioans may not have Corey Faust to criticize any longer. Rumors have it he'll succeed Dan Devine next season at Notre Dame.

But first Faust had to deal with a resurgent, 10-1-1 Massillon. That record qualified the Tigers for Ohio's Division I championship game Sunday afternoon against Moeller, which had run up a routinely flawless 12-0 mark. It was the first meeting of the two most storied names in Ohio high school football, and 25,000 spectators packed the University of Cincinnati's Nippert Stadium for the historic confrontation. It wound up as a triumph of the present over the past, if you care to look at it that way. Final score: Moeller 30-Massillon 7.

FOLLOWING UP

● Ed Kuni, the 67-year-old retired postal worker who writes about the outdoors for the *Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Sunday Independent*, has done what he vowed to do. Having already walked both the Appalachian Trail and the first 1,800 miles of the Pacific Crest Trail, Kuni set out last summer

to hike the remaining 900 miles of the latter (SI, June 23) and, sure enough, got the job done seven weeks later. Kuni says the highlight of his hike was the half-inch-deep footprints he found in a snowdrift near Devil's Peak in Oregon, a discovery that helped him overcome his lifelong skepticism about reported sightings in those parts of a strange creature named Bigfoot. Kuni is convinced that the prints were indeed left by Bigfoot.

● Eugene Young, one of seven Oregon football players indicted on theft charges involving the alleged misuse of a telephone credit card (SCORECARD, July 14), has been acquitted. Charges against Terrance Jones, Joe Figures and two other players were dropped in a "civil compromise" under which they made restitution to the phone company and were ordered to perform community service. Two remaining defendants are awaiting trial, as are two former Oregon assistant basketball coaches who face theft charges involving an athletic department travel account, a former Oregon football player who has been charged with burglary, and four present or former football players who have been indicted for sodomy. Those last charges arose out of an investigation that, according to Eugene, Ore. Police Chief James Puckard, was hampered by the failure of an athletic-department official to notify police of complaints he received of alleged sexual offenses. Puckard didn't name the official, but the student newspaper, the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, last summer quoted a woman student as saying she had informed Oregon Coach Rich Brooks she had been sexually assaulted by one of his players. The newspaper added that Brooks apparently neglected to report the matter to police. Brooks has repeatedly refused to comment on the subject.

● After a four-month-long investigation (SCORECARD, July 21), the Pennsylvania Department of Justice last week indicted Dr. Patrick Mazza, team physician of the Philadelphia Phillies' farm club in Reading, Pa., on charges of illegally prescribing amphetamines and diet pills in the names of Phillies Steve Carlton, Pete Rose, Greg Luzinski, Randy Lerch and Larry Christenson, former Phil Tim McCarver and the wives of two players, Jean Luzinski and Sheena Bowa. In addition to Mazza, two other men were indicted on charges of having illegally obtained the drugs at four pharmacies. The Department of Justice said that those whose

names were used on the prescriptions denied receiving the drugs and that it had uncovered "no evidence" they had done so. It added that the investigation was still open.

● Nick Haywood, the Kansas City construction worker who has been struggling to find a home for his youth club (SI, Oct. 6), has received loans from local businessmen enabling him to make good on a \$70,000 bid to buy the old Missouri National Guard Armory. Haywood got a further boost when three charitable foundations pledged \$40,000 toward the \$125,000 or more needed for repairs to satisfy the municipal building code. But Derby Nick failed to appear last week as ordered in Municipal Court to explain why he hadn't made required repairs on a dwelling he owns that has been the subject of friction between himself and city building inspectors.

GROWL

This one was making the rounds last week in the Deep South:
 "Knock, knock."
 "Who's there?"
 "Bear."
 "Bear Who?"
 "Dammnit, you lost two games and nobody remembers you."

THE CONFUSION CLASSIC

Marion College is a small Methodist school in Marion, Ind., Marian College is a small Catholic school in Indianapolis, 65 miles to the south. The two colleges sometimes receive each other's mail, and the confusion is compounded by the fact that they compete in basketball. After they played last week in Indianapolis, a TV sportscaster gave the score as Marian 80, Maryann 77, ignoring the fact that the two names are, in truth, pronounced pretty much the same. The TV man might have been better off following the lead of the P.A. announcers at Marion-Marian games. They tend to refer to the two teams as the Titans and the Knights.

THEY SAID IT

● Forrest Gregg, the Cincinnati Bengal coach, defending his team's dress code: "We're getting paid executives' salaries and we should look like executives."
 ● Tom Brookshier, sportscaster, discussing the Atlanta Falcons' stellar 6' 4", 235-pound tight end, Junior Miller: "I'd like to see Senior Miller."

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PREVIEW OF



SUPER BOWL XV ?

The Eagles overcame the Raiders in a defensive masterpiece that was both a throwback to rock 'em, sock 'em days and, perhaps, a taste of the future

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN



CONTINUED



Plagued by Philly's revved-up defense, Plunkett was sacked eight times. Robinson (left) bats on clumps. Humphrey grabs a knee. Clarke gets a teledown

EAGLES-RAIDERS continued

Did we really see it out there in gloomy Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia on Sunday? Did we really see a preview of Super Bowl XV? Well, why not? After a 10-7 victory over Oakland, the Eagles are 11-1 and running away with the NFC West, maybe not running away, but they've got a two-game lead on Dallas with four to play and they've already clinched a playoff spot, which is nifty going for November. And the Raiders are 8-4, one game off the pace in the AFC, against a tougher slate of opponents.

Why couldn't it be? Why couldn't these two teams line up in New Orleans on Jan. 25? They're as good as anybody, and certainly they showed it on Sunday. They played a classic. Not a classic by modern standards, not one of those 42-35 shootouts with footballs flying all over the place. It was a throwback, folks. It was good old defensive football, a throwback to those hardbitten days of yesteryear—like three years ago—before the rule makers opened the gates and let the passers in. The fans ate it up, and

even the players seemed to feel they were involved in something special.

"This is my kind of football," Philly Coach Dick Vermeil said. "I love a game like this. It tells you something about the character and intensity of the people playing in it."

In his postgame press conference, Vermeil called it, "the greatest game our defense has ever played." Early in the fourth quarter, after Oakland had gone ahead 7-3 on an 86-yard Jim Plunkett to Cliff Branch shocker, the Raiders' only big play of the day, Eagle Defensive Coordinator Marion Campbell called his troops together on the sidelines.

"He doesn't usually get very emotional during a game," said 30-year-old Linebacker John Bunting, "but he said, 'I just want you to know this is the best defensive effort I've ever been a part of.'"

"You know, I didn't have a very good day out there," said Eagle Quarterback Ron Jaworski, who was 14 for 32, with five of his passes dropped. "I guess quarterbacks get in the habit of thinking that a great game means four touchdown passes and 300 yards or something like that. But today I felt I was in a great football game. I mean for pure football. It was

something I just enjoyed being part of."

"Fun, it's fun to play one like this," Eagle Defensive End Claude Humphrey said. "You can go home and feel you've done something really great."

It was an hour and a half after the final whistle, the equipment men were almost through collecting the towels and locking the doors, and Humphrey was the last man in the locker room. Actually, the trainer's room. Humphrey was lying on his back on a bench, his left leg elevated and wrapped in a heavy black nylon envelope, the toes encased in an inflated polyurethane cap. A green tube ran down the side of the contraption, and inside it ice water was bubbling. The scene looked like an outtake from *Star Trek*, but it was the Eagle training department's bow to modern science, a machine called a Jobst Cryotemp, which cools down and stimulates the sore knees of 36-year-old defensive ends.

"It's a leg rejuvenator," Humphrey said, smiling. "Old people love it. I twisted my knee early in the game, but I never thought of coming out. Not in a game like this I was having too much fun."

Three and a half sacks was Humphrey's contribution to the cause. He's



had 13½ this year. Not bad for a guy whose age lies somewhere between 33 (Eagle press book) and 36 (Football Register). The sacking of Plunkett came early and in bunches, six in the second quarter; all told he had to eat the ball eight times. The bulk of the pressure was applied by a sawed-off 260-pound demon named Ken Clarke, who came barreling up the middle from his tackle position. Humphrey, whose role as designated left-side rusher on passing situations may prolong his career indefinitely, was there to collect Plunkett when he tried to escape.

The Eagles, who played a straight-up, stop-the-run defense on first downs, settled the issue of the Oakland running game very early. And when Plunkett dropped back to pass, he saw tight coverage downfield, especially by his would-be patsies, rookie Cornerback Roynell Young. Plunkett began taking deeper and deeper drops. Then the rush got to him. The Raiders, who had been averaging 338 yards and 25 points a game, came away from the first half with zero on the scoreboard, an average of 2.8 yards on each of the 40 plays they ran, and a zilch from a 45-yard field-goal attempt by Chris

The Eagles had done even worse. Their offense in the scoreless first half suffered from a severe case of the flutters and drops—70 yards total offense (an average of 2.3 yards per play) and four straight series of three-downs-and-out or less to close out the half. They'd been in Oakland territory for exactly five plays, all on their first series.

"With all due respect to the Oakland defense," Vermeil said, "I felt we would have had 10 to 14 points in the first half if we hadn't kept stopping ourselves."

In the third quarter, Philly's Tony Franklin kicked a 51-yard field goal, a monster that was gaining altitude when it split the posts. What a strange item he is. He crushes his field goals, but none of his kickoffs went deeper than the 11-yard line. Ah well, kickers. . . .

As the quarter ended, Plunkett threw four straight incomplete passes and the Eagle defense survived its only major crisis, aside from the 86-yarder. The Raiders, with a third-and-one from the Philly 33, had strangely tried two sweeps, first left, then right, and the Eagles had thrown them back.

But the Raiders are like an old land mine that lies in the sand for years and then, all of a sudden—kaboom! Their one consistent trait during the 18 Al Davis years has been the bomb, anytime, from any place on the field, and with a little over two minutes gone in the fourth quarter, they launched one. First down on their own 14—kaboom!—86 yards, Plunkett to Branch. Now it was 7-3 and the Eagles' bench was a frozen tableau of disbelief.

According to Plunkett, the play was called 28 Special, a particularly nasty bit of trickery the Raiders put in a few weeks ago. Bobby Chandler, the flanker, was lined up wide on the right side. He ran a post pattern, straight down the field, bending in slightly. Branch, slotted inside him, came underneath, running a little hitch to the outside, then sock off.

"They ran it perfectly," Plunkett said. "Bobby ran off both defensive backs [free safety Brenard Wilson and Young], and when Cliff came behind him, the coverage couldn't catch up."

Young, a No. 1 draft pick

out of Alcorn State, had been the target. He was the target all afternoon. Of the 36 passes Plunkett threw (only two to running backs), 13 were into Young's coverage. Plunkett completed two, a 29-yarder to Chandler and the biggie Herman Edwards on the right corner had only three passes directed his way.

"I've never been tested like I was today," said Young, who gets better every week. "I've never had a team go deep on me so many times back to back. They showed me everything in the book, every pattern that could be shown. I guess I survived it."

"The good thing about a game like this," Jaworski said, "is that you can pick out a play here and a play there and say, 'This was a big play.' They become meaningful. In one of those shoot-out types of games, they lose their value. There are too many big plays."

The Eagles saved their big play for the end—6:52 to go—and it was a freakie. Jaworski was supposed to run a bootleg to his left and look for the tight end and flanker, running crossing routes, but he never got that far. Randy McClanahan, Oakland's inside linebacker, shot in clean on a blitz and flushed Jaworski to his right.

"I heard [Running Back] Wilbert Montgomery yelling, 'Ron! Ron!'" Jaworski said, "and then the line-backer was on me." Jaworski scrambled out of McClanahan's grasp, and spotted an unlikely candidate 40 yards downfield, Leroy Harris, his 5'9" fullback. The pass was on the money

continued

The Eagles' Jaworski suffered some fairly low moments too





In the third quarter, Franklin kicked a booming 51-yard field goal to put Philadelphia ahead 3-0.

EAGLES-RAIDERS *continued*

and the Eagles had a 43-yard gain.

"I looked away for a moment," Vermeil said, "and when I looked back I was shocked to see Ron over there on the right side. Actually, it shocked me even more to see Leroy catch the pass."

"I haven't thrown that ball to Leroy in four months," Jaworski said. "If he hadn't caught it, he'd better have kept running right out the tunnel, because Dick wouldn't have let him back."

Seven plays later the Eagles punched it in on a three-yard Montgomery sweep and they had their 10-7 lead. One final sack by Humphrey shut the door on Plunkett and the Raiders.

So there it was, a defensive masterpiece with one big play on each side and the difference decided by a field goal one team could make and the other one couldn't. In conquering the Raid-

ers, the Eagles defeated an AFC team that has won 22 of its last 23 games against NFC teams, counting the 1977 Super Bowl. To those skeptics who mentioned that the Eagles' 10-1 record going into the Oakland game was largely built on the NFL's softest schedule, Sunday's victory was a reminder of Vermeil's constant refrain: "We don't draw up the schedule, we just play it, and maybe those records aren't so good because we helped make them that way."

Two of Philly's next three games come against teams that seem playoff-bound—San Diego and Atlanta. Then there's Dallas on the season's last Sunday.

"Once and for all this should establish our credibility," said Humphrey. "But if it doesn't, then San Diego should next week."

In the meantime, Raider Halfback Kenny King paid a sincere tribute to the Eagles. "They're by far the best defen-

sive team I've played against this year," he said, "but even more, they're a very clean team. There's none of this hoo-rah and hoo-ray stuff. You get knocked down, you see a couple of hands reaching down to help you up. They don't feel like they have to practice all that phony intimidation. They're a good defensive team and they've got good people."

"He said that? It was nice of him," Bunting said. "That's the key, isn't it? Good people. We don't do anything very fancy out there. We're not a blitzing team. Blitzing isn't sound defense. We play the run very tough and then we go into basic coverages."

Hanging over the Eagles' heads, though, is the shadow of two previous playoffs, the heartbreaking last-second loss to Atlanta two years ago and the roughing up by Tampa Bay last season.

There was speculation that the toughness of Vermeil's practice regimen, his routine three-hour workouts, had taken the zip out of his players' legs, had worn them down by the end of the season.

"No, I haven't cut down our practice time," Vermeil said Sunday. "but maybe I've lightened up on the intensity a bit. And there will be weeks that I won't work 'em that hard. That's a change."



Someone mentioned performances by Humphrey against the Eagles, and Verneil smiled. Philadelphia had gotten Humphrey last year when it seemed that his best days in Atlanta were long gone, when he'd retired and been coaxed into coming back. Humphrey had cost two fourth-round draft choices. Verneil's whole thrust has been toward defense. He has always used his first pick in the draft to go for defense (he had solved his quarterback problem by stealing Jaworski from the Rams for Tight End Charlie Young, even up), but in Humphrey he got something special.

"He's playing better this year than he did last," Verneil said. "You saw him out there today, you saw what he's capable of. It's exciting to me to see the way he's been playing. One of the rewards of coaching is having the opportunity of being around the kind of man Claude Humphrey is."

Stretched out on his back, wrapped up in his Jobst Cryotemp and staring at the collection of ancient leather helmets that trainer Otho Davis has hung from the ceiling of the training room, Humphrey philosophized about his role with the Eagles, his role in pro football.

"You know, when I retired I felt I'd only come back for this team," he said



Tell show: Louie Giamone vs. Jeff Barnes

"I wouldn't have gone anywhere else I'd seen 'em play early in the year in '78 and they were a young football team, but they were good. They had talent on that defensive team. Carl Hairston, Charlie Johnson. ... I said, to myself, 'Hey, I can play with those guys.' They were young and going places. At that point in my career I didn't want to wait around for Atlanta to build a team. I'd been through that about seven times already."

"People say I'm old now. Well, I never

er felt old and I never felt young. I just felt like me. I can do what I'm doing now because I don't have to go in on early downs and play the run. Last year when I had to go the whole way I just wore down. By the end of the season, by the time we drew Tampa Bay in the playoffs, my body was a wreck."

"Sixty plays a game, for 16 weeks ... well, I don't think I could do it now. But this way, playing 60% of the time, with Dennis Harrison playing the run and pounding on those tackles, I feel I have a lot of football left."

"You get so you can spot some things. Like the drop Plunkett took today. It was too deep. Usually when I put on a rush I pick out a certain point and aim for it, and I know when I get there I have to look back over my shoulder to see the quarterback and fight my way back to get to him. But today I could see Plunkett in front of me all the time. Those are the kinds of things you pick up from being around a while."

It's a good tight unit, the quality old-timers like Humphrey and Bill Bergey and the budding young stars—the only No. 1 drafts Verneil has had since he's been coach—Young this year and Linebacker Jerry Robinson in '79. So far it's been working just fine.

END

With Matt Miller in futile pursuit, Montgomery swept left and from the Oakland three with 2:55 remaining in the game for the Eagles' only touchdown



IT'S TIME FOR TRIMMING SAILS IN THE NASL

Three franchises are on the verge of going under as the league grapples with the effects of overexpansion, the recession and union troubles **by J.D. REED**

When the owners of the 24 NASL teams meet in Chicago on Dec. 1, the atmosphere in the O'Hare Hilton will be distinctly gloomy. For a change, the league's VIPs won't be hearing any talk of blue skies and rosy futures from Commissioner Phil Woosnam. No onward and upward message this time. The mood of uncertainty included the question of whether Board Chairman Henry Kissinger would show up. The fact is that the league is taking a pounding such as it has never experienced in a decade of heady expansion. The pounders include a militant union, a federal court, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service and a television network. The ledger books reveal an absolute torrent of red ink. Before the Chicago meetings are over, two and perhaps three teams will have been swept away.

Every one of the 24 franchises is believed to have lost money this year, with the across-the-league deficit amounting to about \$30 million. Although attendance was up 7% over 1979 (to 6,196,000), the prospects for 1981 are the worst since 1969, when the league had shrunk to five teams and no one thought it would survive. Is the situation really that bleak? Well, the league will survive—but there will be scars.

The biggest crack in the league's image and credibility may become visible as early as the first day of the meetings, at which time the Madison Square Garden Corporation (which is owned by Gulf & Western) is expected to return its certificate of ownership of the Washington Diplomats to Woosnam. When a well-heeled, corporate-backed club in a prestigious city decides to fold, that's trouble. Although Washington is a potentially lucrative market—and average attendance rose to 19,204 last summer from 11,973 in 1979—the franchise has lost \$2½ million in the two years MSG has owned it. MSG President Sonny Werblin cites the recession, bigger operating expenses and a geometrical leap in acquisition costs and

salaries for players. Dutch star Johan Cruyff, a big gate attraction, alone commands \$500,000 per year.

Neither the Houston Hurricane nor the Rochester Lancers have posted their \$150,000 annual performance bonds with the NASL. They face an "Involuntary Termination" hearing in Chicago. "We couldn't go on much longer, anyway," says Lancer President Pat Dinolfo. A deal to sell the Hurricane to investors assembled by the California-based Athletes In Action, a religious group, fell through, and Houston's fate is expected to be the same as Rochester's.

Nor could what happened to the Minnesota Kicks in the off-season give the owners much cause for cheer. For years during the league's upward surge, the Kicks, owned and vigorously promoted by a group of Minnesota food executives, were one of NASL's showcase teams, successful on the field and second only to the Cosmos in attendance. But last season the team sagged, and so did attendance; three weeks ago the Minnesotans sold out, and the Kicks are now owned by a British group.

And the NASL's relocation game has resumed. The Memphis Rogues are now the Calgary Boomers, owned by Nelson Skalbania, the Canadian sports entrepreneur. The Philadelphia Fury moved to Montreal, with the Molson Brewery as its new proprietor. And Lipton's Teamen, unable to settle scheduling and parking disputes with Schaefer Stadium in Foxboro, Mass., have become the Jacksonville, Fla. Teamen.

The net effect of these failures and transfers is to leave the league with only two teams, Atlanta and the Cosmos, the latter perched outside New York in the New Jersey Meadowlands, on the East Coast between Montreal and Jacksonville—a truly gigantic void.

But embattled owners are adamant about cutting their losses and regrouping. Clive Toye is president of the Toronto Blizzard and has been a pal of Woos-

nam's from early NASL days. "It's not like 1969, when no owner had success or saw any hope," he says. "Now we've gained a beachhead, but it's a tangled one. To put it simply, we bit off more than we could chew when we expanded from 18 to 24 teams in 1977. We all spent too much on players without a parallel jump in fan appeal or the quality of the game. We're paying the price now. The price is contraction."

The tide of owner opinion has now turned against weak sisters. Bob Bell is a commodities broker who has poured \$5 million into the San Diego Sockers in the past two years. "It's sunk or swim. We're not a socialist group, we're businessmen," he says. "If an owner can't make it, we won't go to the well for him any longer." Jack Duley, president of the Seattle Sounders, is equally hard-nosed. "After the novelty of owning a sports team wears off, it's a bottom-line business," he says. "If your car dealership fails, you close up. It's the same in the NASL now."

Somewhat surprisingly under the circumstances, the league's many problems haven't produced a coherent anti-Woosnam movement. The Welsh-born commissioner, who was the eloquent apostle of expansion, has been regarded as vulnerable to a what-we-need-now-is-a-hardheaded-American attack. While Seattle's Duley is often mentioned as a possible successor, insiders believe that Woosnam is sufficiently sensitive to the owners' new mood to turn from super-salesmanship to retrenchment. Says one owner, "Phil's duties will be changing. He'll be a consolidator, not a front man."

In his New York office Woosnam broods, but because it's his nature to do so, he broods optimistically. "We're not an automatic success story," he says. "But it took the NFL 40 years to get to where it was in 1960, which is about our level now. We've done it in 14 years. This, however, is the year of realism. The phrase is steady and slower."

Compared to the basic crashbox problem, Woosnam's other difficulties are less daunting. Take the labor dispute. The NASL Players' Association recently forced the league to the bargaining table after almost three years in which the league refused to recognize the union. Talks promptly broke down, and the union asserted that the owners weren't

negotiating in good faith. Because one of the items in dispute was payment for players in the NASL's projected indoor season, the union asked a federal court to enjoin the league from going ahead with it. Although the judge issued the injunction, the league started indoor play anyway. In light of the judge's decision and because of the potential involvement of foreign players in the dispute, Immigration authorities barred them from crossing the border into the U.S., the theory being that because legally there were no games, the players would have no jobs, a requirement for admission to the country. With four Canadian sides in the 19-team indoor season, the border closing wrought havoc. For example, on Nov. 14, the opening day's Edmonton at San Jose game became Los Angeles at San Jose.

Nevertheless, both sides hope that the problem will soon be resolved. "There's light at the end of the tunnel," says Howard Wilson, an NASLPA aide. Woosnam says that 30 major issues have come down to "a handful. We could have a tentative agreement in

just a few weeks. It's all very positive."

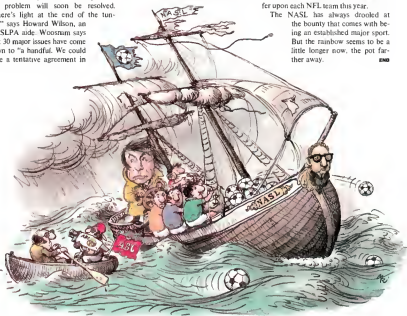
Whatever the eventual settlement, it isn't likely to affect the NASL's odd salary structure or the level of pay. In the NFL, 40% of an average team's budget goes to pay player salaries. In the NASL, the figure is more than 70%. Many owners point the finger of responsibility at the Cosmos and Warner Communications, their owner. "I have an affectionate dislike for the Cosmos' operation," says San Diego's Beil. "They go into a foreign country and pay, say, \$500,000 for a player. I have to go in there next—and I can't afford it."

But with major North American corporations controlling not only the Cosmos but also teams in Toronto, Portland, Montreal, Jacksonville and Los Angeles, the little guys likely will have to go on pinching pennies and egos. In all sports,

owners grouse about another team buying a championship, but one NASL man probably spoke for a majority when he said, "The Cosmos may be buying themselves out of the league. Who can play with them?"

For its part, ABC-TV seems ready to deliver a blow to the league's image. Ratings for the six games, including the Soccer Bowl, aired last summer, averaged out to a dismal 2.6 market share. ABC's contract has expired. Around the league it's believed the network will televise only the Soccer Bowl and perhaps one play-off game next season. But an ABC official says, "I wouldn't go that far yet. Nothing's settled." The loss of TV exposure would hurt the league's pride but hardly its pocketbook. Last season's contract meant a mere \$27,000 to each NASL club—a cup of coffee compared to the \$5.3 million feast that TV will confer upon each NFL team this year.

The NASL has always drooled at the bounty that comes with being an established major sport. But the rainbow seems to be a little longer now, the pot farther away. **END**



With Captain Woosnam at the helm and Dr. Kitzinger the figurehead, the battered NASL plows on—although ABC may abandon ship

GEORGE ROGERS, SOUTH CAROLINA



THOSE HEISMAN HIGH-FLYERS

The little bronze halfback, football's most celebrated award, could go to one of a number of players. The envelope, please

by MIKE DELNAGRO

College football's most famous running back is 13½ inches tall and weighs 25 pounds. He's hard to bring down because he has a pretty mean stiff-arm and is made of solid bronze. He is, of course, the Heisman Trophy, which goes each season to the man voted the game's outstanding player. Heisman time is here again, and for the past two weeks ballots from 1,050 writers and broadcasters, many of whom know something about football, have been arriving at the offices of Harris, Kerr, Forster & Co., certified public accountants, in New York City.

Shortly after noon on Monday, Dec. 1 the final tally will

be hand-carried to the Downtown Athletic Club, which founded the award in 1935 and has sponsored it ever since. Minutes later, Carmine Ragueci, the DAC's Heisman chairman, will pick up his telephone and call—we'll, no one can be sure just whom. Here are the leading candidates:

- George Rogers, South Carolina. Not playing in a major conference could hurt. Most winners have come from the likes of the Pac-10 and Big Eight, or from among notable independents like Notre Dame, Penn State and Pitt. South Carolina lacks a great football heritage. Also, no southern black has ever won, largely because, until about 1965, blacks weren't recruited by the major football schools in the South.

Rogers began to stake his Heisman claim last season, when he rushed for 1,681 yards—second only to USC's Charles White. South Carolina won eight games, the most in its history. This season the Fighting Gamecocks once again have eight victories. Credit Rogers, a one-man offense. Although South Carolina was upset 27-6 by Clemson last Saturday, Rogers banged out 168 yards in 28 carries, his 21st consecutive 100-yard game. He has gained

MARK HERRMANN, PURDUE



HERSCHEL WALKER, GEORGIA

1,781 yards this season and is the leading runner in the country. So were the last four Heisman winners.

Rogers was a long shot in the preseason Heisman sweepstakes. His talents had never been showcased on national television, nor were they scheduled to be, and getting on the tube is a must. All winners since 1967 have played in at least one nationally televised game. And though Rogers was second to White in rushing, in the Heisman voting he was seventh—behind Ohio State's glamour quarterback, Art Schlichter and just ahead of Purdue's Mark Herrmann, both back this fall. Because South Carolina faced such powerhouses as Georgia, USC and Michigan, it trumpeted that fact to emphasize that Rogers wasn't getting his yards against patsies. But because the schedule also included Pacific, Wichita State, Cincinnati and The Citadel, the rugged-opponent argument didn't wash.

Rogers promoted himself by gaining more yards against USC (141) and Michigan (142) than he did against Cincinnati (128) and Wichita State (108). And when the Georgia game was shown on national TV, Rogers ran for 168 yards. The trouble was, Bulldog freshman Herschel Walker had more (219), including a glittering 76-yard touchdown run, and Georgia won. What might damage Rogers more

continued



HUGH GREEN, PITTSBURGH



NEIL LOMAX, PORTLAND STATE

was his fourth-quarter fumble on the Georgia 16. But remember, two years ago Oklahoma's Billy Sims made a similar fumble that cost the Sooners a possible national title and gave Nebraska a tie for the Big Eight championship. And he still won the Heisman. Rogers should do so, too.

• **Herschel Walker, Georgia.** One intangible going for Walker is his name. Consider these past winners: Nile Kinnick, Angelo Bertelli, O.J. Simpson, Archie Griffin and—yes—Doak Walker. A Jim Walker gets no easy votes. A Herschel Walker might.

But Walker has credentials, too. He is fourth in the nation in rushing with 1,411 yards through 10 games. If he hits his average (141.1) this week against Georgia Tech, he'll have 1,552—second only to Tony Dorsett among freshmen runners. Project Walker's average over a 44-game career and it comes to 6,208—surpassing Dorsett's record 6,082.

Walker is 6' 2" tall, weighs 220 pounds and has 4.3 speed. Without him last year, Georgia had a 6-5 record. With him, practically the same Bulldog team is 10-0 and ranked No. 1. Besides the televised game against South Carolina, Walker was on the next week against Florida, when he ran 72 yards for a touchdown. The two TV appearances came at what might be called Heisman prime time, the first two weeks in November, a definite plus.

If the Bulldogs beat Tech—and they will be heavy favorites to do so—they will need only one more victory, over Notre Dame in the Sugar Bowl, to nail down the national championship. Nineteen of the 45 Heisman winners played either on undefeated teams or teams that won some kind of mythical national championship.

Now for a definite minus. Only six juniors—Doc Blanchard in 1945, Doak Walker in 1948, Vic Janowicz in 1950, Roger Staubach in 1963, Griffin in 1974 and Sims in 1978—have won the trophy. No sophomore has ever won. Nor has a freshman. In fact, not one has ever been among the top 10 vote-getters. Despite having seen Walker sparkle, many voters still think a player must prove himself in more than one season. Bet on Walker to finish second.

• **Hugh Green, Pittsburgh.** The 6' 2", 222-pound senior defensive end-linebacker is a two-time consensus All-America, certain to be a three-timer, and

is easily the best defender on the nation's best defense. But when it comes to glory, defense always comes in second. After the season Pitt will retire Green's number, but how many people outside Pittsburgh know what that number is?

In four seasons Green has made 269 solo tackles and helped out on another 177. He has nailed quarterbacks 53 times—for a total of —374 yards. He's done it despite incessant double- and triple-teaming and an inordinate number of plays that go the other way. Largely because of Green, Pitt is 9-1 and ranked in the Top 10 for the third year in Green's four seasons.

He has an obvious zest for his job. "On defense, all we want to do is hit, get up and then hit harder the next time," he says. "Offense is more for the witty and brainy types. Me, if I don't crush somebody on a play, I'm disappointed." To alert voters to Green, Pitt sports information director Dean Billick recently mailed to writers and broadcasters across the land some 2,500 2" by 3" four-color posters of Green with capsule raves from the critics. But such Academy Award-type tactics may alienate more voters than they persuade. And no strictly defensive lineman has ever won a Heisman, although a pair of two-way players have—Yale End Larry Kelley in 1936 and Notre Dame End Leon Hart in 1949. Look for Green to finish third.

• **Art Schlichter, Ohio State.** The present Heisman favorite, Schlichter was fourth as a sophomore in last year's voting and this fall seemed to have a lock. Good team, good position, good looks. A passing cover boy. He started fast, as did the Buckeyes, but then came a televised encounter with UCLA the first weekend of October, a battle of unbeaten. UCLA won and Schlichter was shut out, 17-0. He was intercepted, sacked a half-dozen times and completed only five of 12 passes for 59 yards—his worst performance ever. He looked equally inept last week as Ohio State lost to Michigan 9-3, but it really didn't matter. He was already a loser.

• **Mark Herrmann, Purdue.** The 6' 5", 194-pound senior quarterback's claim is his four-year record. As a freshman he passed for 2,453 yards, the next year he threw for 1,904 and last year it was 2,377. Herrmann has added another 2,923 yards this season, increasing his career total to 9,657 yards. He has broken the NCAA

continued

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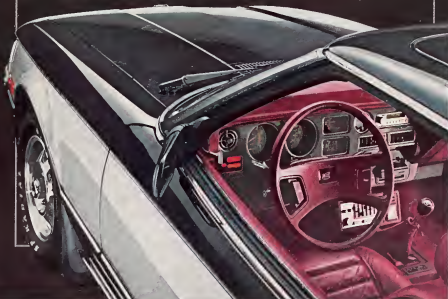
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major college record of 7,818 yards set by Jack Thompson of Washington State in 1975-78. But Herrmann's 17 interceptions this season brought his career total to 75, which also broke an NCAA record. Like Schlachter, Herrmann was done in on TV. Purdue had two national appearances. In its first, against Notre Dame, Herrmann was sidelined with a sprained thumb. As it turned out, he was better off in that game than in the second. That came two weeks ago against Michigan, and Herrmann completed 21 of 34 passes, but for only 129 yards while being intercepted four times in a 26-0 Boilermaker defeat.

• **Neil Lomax, Portland State.** As far as voters are concerned, there may be no Neil Lomax, only some enterprising young sports information director who mulls in stats each week that seem to read like this: 85 passes, 71 completions for 15 touchdowns and 984 yards. State wins it 17-3. But who has seen him in action? Also, many voters may not realize that although the Vikings are a Division I-AA team, its players are eligible for the Heisman. Consequently Lomax, who probably will be the No. 1 pro draft pick, has no more chance than did a blond quarterback from Louisiana Tech in 1969, name of Terry Bradshaw.

• **Freeman McNeil and Ken Easley, UCLA.** When a team is pushing two Heisman candidates, it's like the coach who says he has four equal quarterbacks; it means he has none. Despite injuries that have kept him out of two full games, McNeil has gained 100 yards or more in each of the seven games he has played this season—and has had 25 100-yard afternoons in a row. Easley is the best free safety in the country. Both looked good on television this season. But in this case one plus one equals zero. To make it tougher, USC Tailback Marcus Allen will draw some West Coast votes.

• **Jim McMahon, Brigham Young.** The junior quarterback has gargantuan passing stats, but this season so many quarterbacks are completing so many passes for so many yards and so many touchdowns, they tend to cancel each other. Scratch McMahon. Ditto Stanford's John Elway and Illinois' Dave Wilson.

Those are the leading contenders. And here's one more number of interest, especially for Carmine Ragucci of the DAC: It's 893. That's the area code for Columbia, S.C.

END

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

1980-81

Cranking out the rankings





However they're arrived at, the wire service polls may reveal more about the voters than the teams getting the votes

by Curry Kirkpatrick

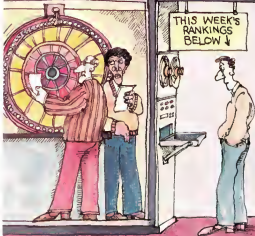
Oh no. Another Sunday and time for the Top 20 poll again. I'm the typewriter on the donkeys. Where's the mother-in-law? She was a big help last year. Saw Larry Brown on TV with those raccoon eyes and those two-tone saddle shoes and figured out the Bruins immediately. Said "that boy's stylin'." She was way ahead of everybody. Picked UCLA seventh.

Looks like I'm on my own this season, though. Let's see, Brigham Young. The Cougs lost a heartbreaker at Utah by 42 but nipped the Utes at their place by 46. If Jesse Jackson ever hits the area with an affirmative-action program, BYU will be murder. For now, No. 15. How about North Carolina? I see where Dean Smith went to the four corners with a 38-point lead against Mercer, then had to pull it out at the buzzer. What's going on? Another Tar Heel must have secretly married another cheerleader. Drop them to eighth.

Now it becomes difficult. Let's go to the map. In the East, Petey Carril's Princeton defense held up again, 33-12 over Colgate. Petey's pulling out all the stops this season. Out West, Shecky Greene skipped the dinner show to see the Runnin' Rebels at Vegas, so Jerry Tarkanan turned 'em loose: 142-97 was the final over California-Irvine. Guess that leaves Princeton at No. 18 and Vegas at No. 6.

So who's No. 1? I give up. Digger Phelps wore his Notre Dame sweatshirt to so many games they gave him the football job, too. Kentucky's entire starting lineup just transferred to Bethune-Cookman, blaming their dissatisfaction on a lack of playing time and a shortage of Be-

continued



tamax wet-bar consoles in the dorm rooms.

I think I'll just write in Gonzaga.

If this isn't exactly what passes through the chaotic mind of a Top 20 voter every week, it may be closer to it than anybody cares to know. The polls conducted by the two major wire services—the Associated Press and United Press International—were originally established to measure teams' relative abilities based on objective technological evidence such as points, rebounds, fouls and game scores. But in reality they have become, on the one hand, a political popularity contest and, on the other, a huge guessing game.

This is not to say the endeavor is totally worthless. We do choose other things in this same fashion—recently, for instance, a President. The polls produce a national champion in college football, however unsatisfactory that method of appointment may be. But in basketball, where the champ is determined by a tournament rather than the whim of the ballot box, those preseason, midseason, postseason, virtually minute-by-minute polls become meaningless on the night of the NCAA final game.

There are 62 writers and broadcasters on the AP voting panel and 42 college coaches on the UPI board. Which are the more honest, sincere, knowledgeable, conscientious and accurate? Take the media guys and give the 20. In truth, both sets of voters are unable to see most of the teams they are voting for and against—occasionally a valuable criterion for judgment. Moreover, both are subject to prejudices engendered by region, personality and vested interests.

If Toledo's Bobby Nichols, for example, once ran up a brutal score on Rutgers Coach Tom Young and then proceeded to compete for the same 6' 10" high school center in Wheeling, W. Va., Young wouldn't be about to rank Toledo No. 9 on his UPI ballot. When a hypothetical Chicago journalist's trip to the Rainbow Classic in Honolulu depends on whether the DePaul Blue Demons are high or low in the rankings, look for kindly, sentimental old Ray Meyer to be portrayed as being a lot more kindly in the papers, not to mention a sentimental old No. 1 in the AP poll.

Despite all the cliques and tricks and subconscious skulduggery enveloping the system, the polls remain vibrant, fasci-



This Indiana's home is in Pennsylvania?

nating, important to those involved, even though 48—not 20—is the magic number these days. That's how many teams get berths in the NCAA tournament.

Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell often speaks of his 1974 team, which lost perhaps the most exciting college game ever played, 103-100 to North Carolina State in the finals of the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament, and failed to get into the NCAA tournament. What Driesell remembers the most about that season is that the Terps finished No. 4 in both polls. "My highest-ranked team here," says Lefty. "I've had seven Top 10 teams and two that finished 11th. Once we won the NIT and finished 11th. Damn. I have my managers looking it up to see who has coached the most teams in the Top 10. I'm proud of it. I don't like anybody telling me I ain't good."

Recognition is the universal attraction. For players, the Top 20 can act as a rejuvenating force, even in reverse, as it did last season when the infant UCLA Bruins dropped out of the polls for the first

time since Bolhos discovered the singles bar in Marina del Rey. Hurt and embarrassed, UCLA used the slight as a tool of psychological warfare and regrouped. Who's No. 1? Who cares? As No. 48, the Bruins roared all the way to the finals of the NCAA tournament. For coaches, the rankings are an ego massage. When his little-known Iowa team turned up ninth in a preseason poll a few years back, Coach Jim Valvano's reaction was to "run around the baseball field for an hour, screaming." Valvano, now at N.C. State, says, "I'm all set to have my own poll, the Valvano Poll. Coaches would send me postcards four or five times a year."

Finally there are the fans—short for fanatics, remember?—at whom the polls were directed in the first place. One shudders to consider the bankruptcy rate among local taverns if fans had no Top 20 to toast or engage in fistcuffs about.

After winning the NCAA titles in 1965 and 1968, UCLA's John Wooden wasn't surprised to receive nasty letters from the folks in Michigan (1965) and Houston (1968) who believed their teams were better. After all, they'd been voted No. 1 in the polls. When it was revealed last season that Michigan Coach Johnny Orr (now at Iowa State) had voted Indiana No. 1, an aroused DePaul student body selected Orr as the winner of the "Mr. Whipple" look-alike contest.

Indiana's Bobby Knight scoffs at the polls. "It's like a nameplate on your desk," he says. "If you're good, you know what you're doing. You don't need a nameplate." But if he has to choose, he prefers the coaches' rankings. St. John's Lou Carnesecca disagrees. "Coaches shouldn't vote," he says. "It's like doctors taking care of their own kids. They're gonna pod the cake." What?

Texas' Abe Lemons believes both sets of rankings might be absurd. "Coaches vote for people, not schools," he says. "The schools just happen to be where they are. Of course, the writers can vote for schools on probation [coaches cannot], which aren't even eligible for the NCAA tournament. You might as well vote for the 76ers. They're not eligible either."

Al McGuire, who used to have his then-assistant, Hank Raymonds, send in the Marquette vote—"Sunday morning was no time for me to call in scores," McGuire says—used the polls as a stiletto. "I like to psych people, and the Top 10 is the best psych," McGuire says. "Peo-

ple overprepare for you, beat themselves. You're in the Camelot of basketball."

Strange things can happen there. In the 1977 preseason AP poll North Carolina was ranked No. 1—Smith's only appearance at the top—then defeated Oregon State by 31 points in its opening game and dropped to No. 2. In 1976 Michigan was No. 1 in both polls but lost on Dec. 29 at Providence in double overtime and fell to third and fifth, not to return to the top spot until the final game of the regular season. In 1965 an undefeated Iowa team was ranked sixth, lost a Christmas tournament game to a nobody and dropped to seventh. The nobody turned out to be Texas Western (now UTEP), which leaped from nowhere to ninth with that victory and eventually won the NCAA title.

Another unfamiliar crew, the Indiana State Sycamores, achieved recognition when they became No. 1 in the 12th week of the 1978-79 season despite a vacuous Billy Packer-led TV campaign against them. Larry Bird and his mates proved they belonged by winning 33 straight games before losing in the NCAA final.

Interestingly, in each of the last four years only Louisville and North Carolina have been named in both final Top 20 polls, which are tabulated before the NCAA tournament begins. A third team, Notre Dame, made seven of a possible eight final poll appearances. The irony

Curry Kirkpatrick predicts the final four in Philadelphia March 28 will be Maryland, DePaul, Indiana and UCLA. He likes DePaul over Maryland for the title.

for two of these schools is that while the media often mock Phelps' posturing at South Bend and while the coaches often question the publicity accorded Smith at Chapel Hill, the two voting blocs line up solidly behind the men they seem more critical of. In the four final polls, the coaches have voted Smith's Tar Heels 14 total places higher than the writers/broadcasters, while ranking Phelps' Irish a combined 18 places lower than the media guys do.

This ultimately proves something, although only George Gallup may know what. Do the basketball pollsters know their business? Yes: National champion Louisville was ranked two (AP) and four (UPI) in the final 1980 polls. No: Of the other final four participants, UCLA and Iowa were left out of both final polls while Purdue made No. 20 on the AP list.

In the interest of accuracy and fair play and with the understanding that it really doesn't matter anyway, here's still another poll—call it the Stick-It-in-the-Hole, Whole Soul Poll.

1. HAWAII Former Coach Red (Aloha) Rocha is long gone, undoubtedly working some Waikiki hotel lobby, but Ah Chew Goo of the hospitality committee can still

pass those pineapples. The 'Bows play Elton on Super Bowl eve.

2. MASSACHUSETTS Julius Erving, who left the premises following his junior season, is said to be contemplating a return to help reverse consecutive 5-22 and 2-24 seasons. The Minutemen don't need Dr. J. They need Dr. Caligari.

3. INDIANA (Pa.). The real Indiana. The Indiana Indians, for goodness sakes. Colores, maroon and slate. Schedule: Daemen, Mercyhurst, Dyke, etc. Holiday tournament; the Christmas Tree Tournament, for goodness sakes. Deck the halls.

4. THE SAINTS. St. Andrew's, St. Anselm's, St. Augustine's, St. Boaventure, St. Cloud St., St. Francis (N.Y.), St. Francis (Pa.), St. Francis (Assisi), St. John's (Minn.), St. John's (N.Y.), St. John Fisher, St. Joseph's (Ind.), St. Joseph's (Maine), St. Joseph's (Pa.), St. Lawrence, St. Leo, St. Mary's (Calif.), St. Mary's (Md.), St. Michael's, St. Norbert, St. Olaf, St. Paul's and St. Thomas (mainland).

5. NEW MEXICO.

6. ALL-QUIT-KENTUCKY-QUINTET. Dwight Anderson at Southern Cal, Clarence Tillman at Rutgers, Chuck Aleksunas at Connecticut; two players to be named later.

7. SYRACUSE. Siena is gone from the schedule. Hal Cohen is gone from the roster—no more Cohen (Marty) Headd backcourt jokes. Snow is already falling. The Orangemen should turn everyone blue in their chilly new Carrier Dome, a tribute to air conditioning and alumnus.

8. FABER COLLEGE. John Blumsky and Kent Dorfman at the guards. Doug Neddernmeyer and Greg Marmillard at the forwards. Eric (Otter) Stratton at center. Mandy Pepperidge in the sweater. The Mongols are tough on road trips.

9. YUGOSLAVIA. Though nearly 105 years old, Kresimir Cosic continues to be a force in the middle as well as an inspiration to the biddy Slovaks, 17 of whom plan to join the Yugos' farm team in Provo, Utah.

10. ATHLETES IN ACTION. Amen.

But seriously, folks... turn the page for a words and pictures celebration of three players who would make any team worthy of national ranking. SI's Top 20 follows, with reports by Anthony Cotton, Ken Hannon, Roger Jackson, Jim Kaplan, Bruce Newman and William F. Reed. Special coverage continues with rundowns on the Best of the Rest and top small-college and women's teams.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDY MISH

With its new home-court advantage, Syracuse can ice a game quicker than ever



Three of the biggest reasons to look forward to the 1980-81 season are the young men waving their greetings on the opposite page: Mark Aguirre, Ralph Sampson and Albert King. They could be rich right now, but last spring they decided to forestall the start of their pro careers and stay in school at least another year. By not going "hardship" themselves, they spared college fans the pain of having to get by without seeing them in action. Surely, there could be no finer way to start the season than to have them tell us...

Hello, America, we came back

by Curry Kirkpatrick



CONTINUED

Among the significant links to one another—considerable skills, lofty expectations, impressive achievements—Albert King, Ralph Sampson and Mark Aguirre also share this: a mutual inclination to reject the cold cash of the pros for the warm security of the campus.

Though each is in a different college class—Sampson a sophomore at Virginia, Aguirre a junior at DePaul, King a senior at Maryland—the three seem to be symbolic of a fresh trend toward undergraduates staying in school rather than risking their developing bodies, raw abilities and tender psyches in the harsh wilds of the NBA.

In the decade since the NBA's so-called hardship draft was instituted in 1971, considerably less than half of the 78 players who left college as undergraduates have had NBA careers of two seasons or more. Oh, there were perennial all-stars such as Phil Chenier and Bob McDadoo in that group, but there were many more whose potential was unrealized, not to mention several—Cyril Baptiste comes to mind—who turned to drugs and crime.

Following last season only two of the seven college players who took advantage of the "undergraduate eligibility rule" (as the hardship draft is now more accurately known) remained on a pro roster. Following the 1978-79 season three of four did. Magic Johnson of Michigan State might have made it, but Garcia Hopkins of Morgan State didn't. Thus the credo of a cruel system, bring me the head of Garcia.

The smart ones now stay in school, for reasons all their own. King says quite frankly, "Loyalty had nothing to do with my decision to stay at Maryland—unless it was loyalty to myself. I'm having too much fun in College Park." Aguirre says simply, "I could play with the pros ... yeah, I could. But what it is, you know, I'm not quite ready." And Sampson? Well, ...

Though in the past players who decided to remain in college were automatically praised by virtually everyone, Sampson's decision to remain at Virginia was blasted by some. Red Auerbach, the president of the Boston Celtics, announced that Sampson had been "hoodwinked by a few glad-handers." Having the No. 1 pick, Auerbach wanted to draft Sampson and shore up the Celtics at center into the 1990s. In an interview with Daniel Ruth of *The Tampa Tribune*, Howard Cosell said, "The University of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson's school, has a 7' 4" kid at the fifth-grade reading level." In another of his familiar swipes at college sports, Cosell heartlessly maligned a person he'd never met or talked to.

Arthur Ashe, the tennis champion and a native Virginian, who has spoken with Sampson over the telephone, offered a more cogent analysis of the situation.

"Professional sports' front-office people often underestimate the maturity one gains in four years of college," Ashe wrote in a newspaper column. "While improving as a student, Sampson is also rubbing shoulders with the greatest mixture of people he'll ever get to know. He is not





being used. It would have been well worth it to him to borrow money to attend a school like the University of Virginia. If anyone is "using" someone, Sampson is using the university. . . . He decided to "use" Virginia to market his basketball skills while attending classes. And as his price at contract time is liable only to go up, the University of Virginia can hardly be charged with exploitation. . . ."

And there are even those in the NBA who share Ashe's opinion. "All kids benefit from four years in college," says Bob Ferry, general manager of the Bullets. "Maybe not basketballwise, but lifewise. They all benefit."

And so does the college game. The credentials of this trio are well documented. Sampson began his freshman season slowly, came on against the strong competition in the ACC, slumped and then closed with a rush to lead Virginia to the NIT title. Aguirre scored and emoted at will as DePaul won its first 25 games before its immaculate season was ruined by upset losses to Notre Dame and UCLA. It was no accident that King's personal resurrection coincided with that of Maryland's, a confused team in past years that started 1979-80 in doubt and ended it by winning the ACC regular-season championship in a walk. Now—thank goodness for tall favors—all three are back to play their roles as college basketball's three brightest stars.

A DIFFERENT SEVEN-FOOTER

"Wait, Stop. That's not what I meant." Fifty students turned toward the back of the Rhetoric of Social Protest speech communications class and listened, enthralled, as Ralph Sampson waved his long arms and presented his perception of Martin Luther King Jr.'s "I have a dream" speech. His classmates knew Sampson was worth listening to; earlier that semester he had taken the part of King's ghost in a class skit on the black movement. He'd replied to Malcolm X (as portrayed by another student) after Malcolm had vigorously criticized King and his pacifism. Sampson had delivered an authoritative, persuasive statement and became one of the class leaders. Later several students came up to Professor Carol Jablonski and expressed their surprise. "Ralph was, well, really neat," one said.

Jablonski had had Sampson in another course at Virginia. Then he had been reticent. She says she doesn't know if he has changed or just blossomed. She says a playfulness, a comic sense, "a deeper level of discourse" had always been there but is just now emerging. "I can usually understand what their families are like through observing my students," she says, "and to watch Ralph with his classmates is to admire Ralph's family. The sensitivity, the intuitive way he understands people and gets along with them shows that those things are uppermost with his family."

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King's first two seasons at Maryland were disappointing to him and the Terrapins, but then he rose above the crowd

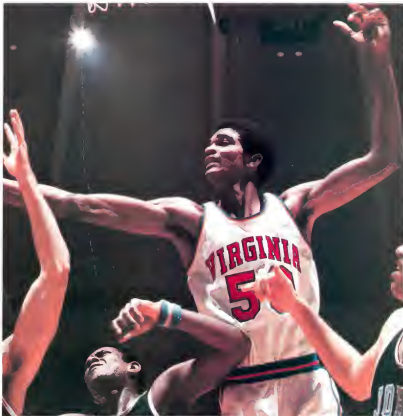
This evaluation will come as a surprise to many gentlepersons of the press, who found the freshman Sampson aloof, uncooperative, even obstinate. As recently as October, Sampson came to a press conference chewing a carrot stick and said sharply, "Is this a one-shot deal?" Meaning he could do without microphone upon camera upon notebook, etc. Conversely, around the only

people who counted, his teammates, Sampson was an absolute jewel. The Suck came the 40 miles over the Blue Ridge Mountains from Harrisonburg to The Grounds at Charlottesville all eyes and ears. But no mouth. He listened, learned, felt his way and consciously refrained from taking the offense away from the upperclassmen, specifically Guard Jeff Lamp, who had led the

ACC in scoring the previous season. "Ralph made it easy by not stepping on any toes," Lamp says.

Coach Terry Holland laments the early pressure on Sampson. "It was like saying you had the greatest joke in the world before you told it. And then no matter how good it was, the listener went away disappointed," he says, perhaps forgetting that he was among those who told

During Sampson's up-and-down freshman season, he sometimes towered over 6'7", terrorizing opponents on offense and intimidating them on defense.



the joke. Holland said Sampson had the potential to be the best in history—then pitted his team against Johns Hopkins and Chaminade.

Sampson blocked 12 shots against Army. He had 22 rebounds against Old Dominion. He scored 32 points against Clemson. He finished his freshman season with 14.9 points and 11.2 rebounds per game and 157 blocks. But it wasn't until a five-day stretch in the middle of the season that his potential came into focus.

During warmups at Durham, N.C., the Duke student section, a rough, witty bunch that would boo Santa Claus, slowly chanted, "We're ... going ... to ... get ... you," then emphatically, "RALPH," then louder, "WHO!" Sampson appeared impassive. But when Virginia Assistant Coach Jim Larranaga came over to loosen him up, Larranaga was stunned to notice the normally placid Sampson seething as he took off his sweatband. "In about 30 seconds ... 29 ... 28," Sampson murmured, "they're gonna find out."

Virginia's victory that night was not as close as the 90-84 score indicated, and neither were Sampson's margins over the Blue Devils' senior All-America, Mike Gminski, 23 points to 20, 13 rebounds to 10. Very simply, Sampson controlled the contest, or rather the no-contest. "I was doing all I could to force him away," said Gminski. "I had my hand in his face, I belied him.... I don't think I've seen anyone shoot like that before."

But the long season wore Sampson down; he was frequently in foul trouble. Virginia went into a tailspin, losing six of nine games. Media hounding, player griping, all the tensions of the big time swallowed by the Cavs. But three home games in the NIT served to revive them, and when Virginia arrived in New York, where they would play in the tournament semifinal and final, the turnaround was complete. Sampson, the MVP, had 41 points and 30 rebounds as Virginia beat Nevada-Las Vegas and Minnesota for the title. And he began to show glimmerings of his lighter side. Before the final game, a guy ran up to Sampson with a miniature rim stuck to his forehead, handed him a Nerf ball and said, "Hey, Ralph, slam-dunk me." Sampson obliged.

Now, Lamp says, "Ralph continued



Dominating inside, Aguirre had 24 points and 14 rebounds as DePaul beat Louisville 85-80 Saturday

See you later, alligator.



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plays taller than he is." Sampson's only weakness is, if you will, his weakness; though he seems to get stronger daily, his weight of 221 pounds is far less than he will carry when he has fully matured.

Holland also worries that Sampson may become a jack-of-all-trades, master of none, because he does so many things so well. The Virginia braintrust still is searching to find Sampson's hole card, the bread-and-butter move with which he can get a basket anytime he needs one.

"The hook is the thing; it's definitely coming," Sampson said the other day over lunch at Charley's, a favored Charlottesville restaurant. "But I won't stop working on the other things. I want to be the best player there's ever been at 7' 4". You see, I want to be a different seven-footer. Like a seven-foot Dr. J forward. Like a seven-foot Dennis Johnson guard. I love the guard drills. At home I dribble around my bicycle. I want to get instinctive on the pass. I'm serious. To be able to take it down the middle, to shake and bake on someone, that's the ultimate."

Another ultimate is playing time, which, Sampson knew, the Celtics (pre-Dave Cowens' retirement) couldn't guarantee him. Auerbach hadn't measured his man. Money wasn't the factor. Playing ball was. Growing up was. Friendship was.

At Virginia, Sampson has a loud and loquacious roommate, Louis Collins, a former football wide receiver who still bounds onto the field during time-outs and hypes the crowd. Sampson has a girl friend, Stacy Weldon from Pennsylvania, a hockey fan who at first meeting didn't even know who he was. College kids with identities all their own, Collins and Weldon have helped their friend open up, to see himself as a human being first, an athlete as an afterthought.

"College isn't new anymore," Sampson said. "I know where I'm going. I know what to do. Last year I found myself not talking to anyone on campus. This year I try to say hello to everybody. It takes time, but I'm doing it."

Sampson already has established the emotional resilience needed to endure the stares and gibes about his height. He doesn't slouch or scrunch; he ducks. He carries himself erect, and he has the ability to catch people in his gaze

without looking down. "I deal with it," he said.

Upon leaving Charley's, Sampson heard a girl call out, "We'll just have to raise the ceilings in here, Ralph." A man at the bar shouted, "Stay away from the whiskey, big fella." The confident, secure big fella just smiled. Sometimes Sampson acts taller than he plays.

THE SENATOR SYNDROME

Mark Aguirre, a husky, 6' 7" forward, found out how valuable he is to DePaul in his freshman season when he missed the team bus to the Western Michigan game. He was out shopping for stereo equipment and he showed up late, that's all. An assistant coach had to stay behind and drive Aguirre to the game. Two hours on the road, just the two of them, Aguirre slept all the way. That night Coach Ray Meyer "disciplined" Aguirre by benching him for the first five minutes. Aguirre scored 28 points anyway. DePaul lost by two. Afterward Meyer said, "You know what I learned? I learned I can't win without Mark Aguirre."

Whew. What a little knowledge can do. It can hurt you, it is what it can do. At a workout Meyer once screamed at a loafing Aguirre, "Mark, if you don't want to practice, get out of here." Aguirre started to leave. Then Meyer screamed, "Mark, where are you going?" Last season, during a huddle at a crucial juncture in the Marquette game, everyone was jabbering strategies and alignments and X's and O's when Meyer silenced the commotion. "Mark," he said. "Darnit, just score."

Aguirre's natural talents have been evident for so long that some DePaul people swear he knew how to get off the turnaround jumper in the crib. And he has been pampered by one coach or another for almost as long. For two seasons at DePaul Aguirre exhibited the NBA characteristic of playing 10, resting 10; and he also displayed some all-pro pouting besides. When Aguirre was taken out of games before he was ready, he didn't hide his displeasure. Once, after missing several one-on-one foul chances, he wailed to Meyer, "Coach, my free throw's broke." He wasn't kidding.

But on the Olympic team last summer

a different, more industrious Aguirre emerged. "He loved to slide by, but when we challenged him, he always responded," says Olympic Coach Dave Gavitt. "The fat boy wasn't lazy because he knew he had to play hard," says another coach who watched the Olympians in action. "At DePaul they can pick their schedule, and he doesn't have to play every night."

There's the rub. When Aguirre wants to play—like, mostly, against the toughest—it is a wondrous sight. DePaul lost six games in Aguirre's first season; in those six he scored 29, 39, 18, 28, 45 and 19 points. His scoring average in defeat has been more than seven points higher than his average in victory. Last season Aguirre played in eight games against NCAA tournament-bound teams and averaged nearly 29 points; he had 34 against unbeaten (at the time) Missouri, 36 against Marquette, 31 against LSU and 30 against LaSalle and the esteemed Michael Brooks. He was the Player of the Year in two major polls.

Knowing it would be his last season in DePaul's ancient Alumni Hall, Aguirre became obsessed with breaking the gym's single-game scoring record of 43 points. Against Butler he had 30 with plenty of time, but Meyer took him out. The two had words. From then on Meyer indulged Aguirre, who scored 30, 41 and 40 in DePaul's last three home games. But Aguirre never reached the golden figure; after one such failure he wept in the locker room while his teammates celebrated a win over bitter rival Loyola.

As a result of Aguirre's shoot 'em up, the DePaul offense grew stagnant. There was the 76-74 double-overtime shock at Notre Dame, where Orlando Woolridge's defense was based on playing "off" Aguirre, on denying Aguirre contact and a chance to use his great strength down low. Then came the 77-71 loss to UCLA in the NCAAAs when Aguirre had the ball virtually 40% of the time. He was the playmaker one minute, a wing the next. He was everywhere. The other Blue Demons went begging. Center Terry Cummings was hot; the quarterback, Clyde Bradshaw, needed to run things; neither saw the ball enough.

As the moody Aguirre went, so went DePaul. He could be a laid-back Phil

continued

Donahue one moment, Frankenstein's monster the next. "There were misunderstandings in communication," says Bradshaw. "Mark's ability is what led us. Guys value playing with the best player in the country. But he backed away from the leadership role. The Olympic team changed that. He learned how to work. He learned how to use his teammates. He seems to want responsibility."

Before this season Aguirre called the team together and organized workouts on his own. He was given a co-captainship with Bradshaw. Now he practices without taking shortcuts. "I'll blow the whistle and, watch this, he'll even run," says Meyer. "Mark vowed we'll have no sulking this year."

Most astonishing is Aguirre's loss of weight. The former Muffin Man—once he was up to nearly 260 pounds—worked out in the off-season and skipped second helpings. He is now holding at a fairly svelte 225, but not without torture. "It's a serious war, pushing myself away from the table," Aguirre says.

The most tempting table is at the home of his high school coach, Frank Lollino, whose wife, Anna Marie, still prepares sandwiches, desserts and all types of pasta, notably Aguirre's favorite, mostaccioli. Anna Marie isn't an ally in Aguirre's war. "Eat. Eat. You're wasting away," she said one day recently after Aguirre had stopped after only a single gigantic slab of Boston cream pie.

In the old days at Westinghouse High—The House, as it's known on Chicago's West Side—Aguirre was nicknamed Ziggy the Elephant and Big Drawers. Laurie Lollino, 17, once bet Ziggy he couldn't diet to below 200 pounds. Aguirre labored mightily and got down to 207, but fainting spells and sickness persuaded Anna Marie to call off the bet.

At the Lollino residence in the Gatewood section of Chicago, Aguirre and his teammate at Westinghouse and DePaul, Skip Dillard, relax, watch Abbott and Costello movies on television, talk basketball and eat. When he's there, Aguirre doesn't speak often of his mother and three sisters at home, or of his estranged father, or of his 14-month-old daughter, Erica, and her mother, Veronica Allen. The Lollinos are his second family. "We don't see the moods here," Anna Marie says. "Peo-

ple who criticize Mark ... it's the Sinatra syndrome. They really don't know all the good that he does. Playing with kids in the neighborhood. Visiting old folks' homes. Caring."

"Mark always had a lot of things on his mind," says Dillard. "I have a son and sometimes we take our children to the playground or the zoo. I think he draws strength from the kid. Mark used to get low when things were crowding him. He has changed his whole personality." Dillard says there used to be a strange Mark and a real Mark but now there's only the real Mark.

At the least, nobody can call him a fat Mark anymore.

"I needed another year to get dedicated," Aguirre says of his decision to forgo becoming a high first-round choice in last spring's NBA draft. "I think I've found out how good I can be supporting talent with work. I can run better. I think my ball speed is better. Off the board. Getting it up on the break. I feel agile, able to cover people. I used to take practice as boring. I didn't concentrate in games. Magic [Johnson] told me no matter how you feel, you've got to fight that. This is the big time around for me. I want to get in one season when I give my all. It's my turn."

MR. DIG 'EM

In the beginning, circa 1977, there were Earvin, Eugene and Albert. Then there were Earvin and Eugene. Then there was just Earvin. The big question was, while Gene Banks was leading Duke to the final game of the NCAA tournament in his first year and while Earvin Johnson was spearheading Michigan State's final-game victory in his second year, what had happened to the other hero from the high school class of '77, the one with the amazing numbers and the biggest stacks of press clippings, the kid from Brooklyn with the big, bad brother in the pros? Yeah, what ever happened to Albert King of Maryland?

If anyone ever suffered and lost his way under the bright glare of anticipatory spotlights, surely it was King. "If you went from 38 points and 20 'bounds to 13 and seven in one year, lopsided like that, you'd lose all your confidence, too," he says. What happened was that King, a quiet soul—the exact

opposite of his outgoing brother, Bernard—and skinny at 6'6", 180 pounds, was hurled into a bunch of gunners and jivers who weren't about to let a new man take over. As if the new man were of a mind—or personality—to do any such thing.

Terrapin Coach Lefty Driesell says King lacked some fundamentals back then and his shot selection was poor. But his self-confidence was even worse. Driesell admits if he had it to do over, he wouldn't have started King early in his freshman season. "He might have matured quicker," Driesell says. "It was like a minor league baseball player who comes up and strikes out his first five or six times. I told Albert to relax and not worry about the whole world watching him. He never relaxed, never quit worrying."

At least not for more than 20 minutes. Against North Carolina King scored 16 points in the first half and then took three shots in the second. "I looked at the score sheet in the locker room," King says. "I was averaging about 13 points at the time. I thought, 'Uh oh, I'm way ahead of myself here.'" So he stopped shooting. Carolina won 85-71.

Tight, lonely, disappointed—"Lefty and I didn't see eye to eye on a lot of things," King says—concerned with what his teammates would think if 1) he shot the ball or 2) horror of horrors, he missed. King went on his frustrated way during two seasons in which Maryland won 15 and 19 games but had a total of only nine victories in regular-season ACC competition.

Then he began to have different feelings: scared and nervous. "I kept asking people, 'What's wrong? Why don't I play well?' But I wasn't asking them, I was really asking myself," King says. "It hit me that my years were running out and I wasn't improving. I wasn't going to be as good as I'd thought I'd be." In the summer of 1979, on a college all-star tour of Europe, King rode the bench. He came home disappointed but determined to work harder. Every day he exhausted his shooting arm. He hit the weights. Got up to a mammoth 190. He ran the Cole Field House steps. He gained back his confidence. He became assertive, a team spokesman.

As a result, Maryland is now the defending ACC regular-season champion

and a threat for the national title. King, meanwhile, may have become the best two-way player in the sport.

In his first two seasons he scored 25 points or more in four games. Last season he did it in nine. Most of these baskets came off a picture-perfect face-up jumper, which King delivers from such a height the shot appears to need no arc. "Line-drives?" he says, smiling. "What line-drives?"

While his leaping and scoring have led people to compare King with David Thompson, even Baryshnikov, his ability to blend his personal skills into the larger design of his team, to inspire, to lift the games of the people around him, best recalls the vintage Bill Bradley.

King's exquisite passing sets him apart from many another honcho forward. North Carolina Coach Dean Smith was so preoccupied with King's passing in Maryland's delay game last season that he had his defenders actually slough off King to overplay the other Terrapins. From the high post King merely faked the pass and winged in 28 points as Maryland beat the Tar Heels, 92-86, for the first time in 10 meetings. "There are no more question marks in Albert's eyes," said Carolina's Mike O'Koron.

King then cracked the whip from the middle of the devastating Maryland fast break as the Terps crushed Duke 101-82. "In 25 years I've never seen a team better than that," said Driesell. In the semi-finals of the ACC tournament King put on a dazzling show (38 points and 10 rebounds) as Maryland beat Clemson 91-85. The Terps finished the season with a 24-7 record and King was the ACC Player of the Year and a consensus All-American.

The most pronounced facet of King's transformation was his new emotionalism. Watching films of his performance last season, King himself can't believe that it is indeed he up there on the screen jumping around, slapping high-fives and carrying on like, well, like Buck Williams, his roommate, or Ernest Graham, the Hollywood Henderson of college ball, who once said the Terps would be the "Ernie and Albert Show" and later scored 44 points against North Carolina State to try to prove it.

Graham calls King "Mr. Dig 'Em," after Dig 'Em, the frog in the Sugar Smacks commercial. "Look at them legs

on the dude," says Graham. "Frog legs. Dig 'Em struggled and struggled just like me. But now he's getting around to feeling his oats. I'm proud to say I know Al King."

About his rejuvenated game, King says, "I had to prove to Albert that Albert could still do it." He occasionally talks like this, referring to himself as if he were someone he wished to observe from afar. The fourth of six children, he never liked arguments or fights and he always gave in to his brothers. He was the soft one, the thinker. In college, Albert had played less than his best because Albert wanted to be liked.

On a Maryland sports-information questionnaire that King filled out as a freshman, he answered the question, "Who has been your primary inspiration in sports?" with "My brother, Bernard." But with Bernard fresh out of Tennessee and soon to star in the NBA, the inevitable comparisons came up. Albert bristled. When Bernard got into trouble with the law and Albert's name kept appearing in the newspaper stories, Albert didn't like that either. The two brothers don't communicate much. Early in Albert's first season at Maryland, Driesell asked him if he had learned any basketball from Bernard. "Let's get one thing straight," Albert said. "I'm Albert and he's Bernard. I'm not him and he's not me." Driesell didn't bring up Bernard's name again.

"I never knew how good a player my brother was until he came home from college and I dunked on him," Albert says, laughing. "He got upset and took it from there. We spoke last summer about the turning-pro thing. But I don't remember the last time I saw him. I stay away from talking about his life or problems or whatever you call them. It's enough that my brother knows I love him."

Why, of course, the family that dunks together.... But Mr. and Mrs. King, Thomas and Thelma back in Brooklyn, came late to their sons' game. They've learned fast, however. At the end of last season a reporter called up Mr. King and told him that Albert had just made All-America and what did he think about that?

"When you go out at night and see the stars in the sky," Thomas King said, "you don't need someone to tell you they're shining."

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CONTINUED

The Top 20

2

Maryland

1

DePaul

Joc Penso, stalwart forward for DePaul a few seasons ago when the Blue Demons were merely good, recently paid a visit to his old coach, Ray Meyer. After watching the current Blue Demons fly through their practice, Penso heard a sigh of relief. "Whew, Coach, I'm glad I got out when I did," he said. "Yup, Joe, I think you'd have been in a little trouble with this bunch," said Meyer.

Penso shouldn't feel too bad because everyone will be troubled by DePaul this season. With all but one player back from the 26-2 powerhouse of 1979-80, the Blue Demons are not merely good, they're great.

DePaul is led by Mark Aquirre, the Player of the Year in 1979-80 (page 34) and smooth playmaker Clyde Bradshaw. Joining them in the starting lineup will be streak-shooting Skip Dillard (12.1 points a game) at guard, tough sophomore Terry Cummings (9.4 rebounds a game) at center and Teddy Grubbs, another soph, at forward. According to Meyer, Grubbs is the key. "If he comes out, we've got a super team," he says. "I feel sorry for him sometimes, I yell at him so much, but I have to get him going."

To show off all that talent, DePaul has shifted its home games to the Rosemont Horizon in suburban Chicago. The move will allow as many as 18,000 people to see the Blue Demons in action, but, say some pundits, it will take away the big advantage DePaul enjoyed when playing in Alumni Hall, a 5,308-seat pit. Meyer isn't worried. "There will be more people screaming, and our kids are not dogs enough to respond," he says.

Bradshaw, a self-motivated sort who cut the mustard with 215 assists and 99 steals last year, is hoping something can turn on his teammates. "Evidently they don't realize how close we are to winning the whole thing," he says. "Catch us on a night we're up for a game and there's no one in the country who can beat us, but we have to play that game all the time. People know we're good, but we let a lot of folks down last season when we lost two of our last three games. Now we'll have to show them again. I think we're the best team, but we've got to prove it." DePaul began doing just that last Saturday when it beat defending-champion Louisville, 86-80.

Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell threw down the gauntlet at the Terps' basketball dinner last spring. "I challenge you guys to win the national championship," he said. That was a pretty tough proposition to lay on his players for a coach who's never won an ACC tournament or an NCAA regional championship, but the Terrapins really shouldn't settle for anything less. Forward Albert King (page 34) is one of five starters and nine top scorers back from a 24-7 team that finished eighth in the final AP poll and second in the nation in field-goal shooting (55.1%). Now Maryland figures to be even better with the addition of junior-college transfer Charles Pittman.

"We've got to turn the ball over fewer times and work on our rebounding because we're small," says Driesell, trying not to sound overconfident. If the Terrapins occasionally lack the ball away, they'll get it back more often than not with an effective zone press. It's also true that Maryland operated at a height disadvantage and had to switch from a double-post, the offense Driesell prefers, to a 2-1-2 to compensate for that shortcoming. Nonetheless, the man in the middle, 6'8" Buck Williams, who's really better suited to being a power forward, wasn't outscored by any of the centers he opposed in the ACC. Linceman-tough and fast enough to run a 4.53 mile, Williams outmaneuvered taller men on offense and outmuscled them on defense. When 6'8" sixth-man Pittman, who twice led Mercer College to the California J.C. finals, enters the lineup at center or forward, 6'7" Ernest Graham will move from forward to guard.

King, the ACC's Player of the Year, wasn't satisfied with his 21.7-point average and Dr. J moves of last season, he has been working on his outside shot and dribbling through a slalom course of rubber cones to improve his ball handling. Graham led the Terps in assists despite being switched from guard to forward, while Greg Manning became the ACC's first player to lead the league in field-goal (64.3) and free-throw (90.8) percentage in the same season. Paradoxically, point guard is the Terrapins' deepest and weakest position. Neither Reggie Jackson nor Dutch Morley is an all-around player, but by using them

for 20 minutes apiece Driesell can alternate Jackson's defense, shooting and leadership on the fast break with Morley's quickness and deft passing.

Driesell got yeoman duty from his capable new assistant coaches last year, Tom Abatemarco, Sherman Dillard and John Kochan. They helped the Terrapins, who had been picked to finish sixth in the ACC, win their second regular-season title. Maryland at last has outstanding coaching to go with its talent.

The team locker room has the usual slogan—THE HARDER YOU WORK THE LUCKIER YOU GET. For Maryland, intangibles have special significance. "It comes down to wanting to win more than the other guys," says Graham. "We won't be outmanned by anyone."



Adolph Rupp's longtime assistant, Harry Lancaster, agreed to come out of retirement at the age of 69 and serve this season as a volunteer aide to Kentucky Coach Joe B. Hall. The other day while watching 7' 1" Sam Bowie soar high to stuff a rebound, Lancaster sighed and said, "Adolph would have given all the gold in his teeth for one like him."

It's not Rupp's gold, but his silver, that has been a topic of conversation around Lexington of late. Shortly after last season, 13 sterling silver trophies, including those awarded for the 1948, '49, '51 and '58 NCAA basketball championships, were stolen from the school's trophy cases. In Kentucky, that was like stealing the crown jewels. The crime hasn't been fully solved, and it's now suspected that the trophies were melted into ingots.

The only appropriate response to such a heinous deed is, of course, to win additional trophies, and that's exactly what Kentucky could do, beginning immediately. Hall has more talent on hand than he did in 1977-78 when he won the only NCAA championship trophy that remains.

For two straight years, Kentucky has done the best recruiting job in the country. This means that the Wildcats are young—only two upperclassmen are among the top 10 players—but so what? They also are extraordinarily deep, proficient and versatile. Hall's only concern is replacing the leadership that Kyle Macy, who graduated, provided in the backcourt.

In sophomore Dirk Minniefeld and 5' 11" freshman Dicky Beal, Kentucky has one of the quickest pairs of guards in the country. Minniefeld started last season and did an excellent job of getting the ball up the floor and penetrating zones. Beal has the same ability and may be a better passer. If Hall doesn't want to put their similar styles together, he can use one of them with freshman Jim Master, UK's best outside shooter, or sophomore Derrick Hord, who will swing between guard and forward.

Hord is one of several "Cats who could play a lot at forward with Fred Cowan, Kentucky's only senior. Hall might also use Bowie at forward. At 7' 1"? That's right. Now that Kentucky has a true center in 6' 11" freshman Melvin Turpin, Hall has the option of letting Bowie roam outside and take the 20-foot jumpers he dearly loves—and can make. Turpin is back home in Lexington after spending last season improving his grades at a military academy.

During his freshman season, Bowie at times looked weak and timid. However, by March, he was vastly improved. And in the off-season he made the U.S. Olympic team and more than held his own in the exhibitions against NBA players. Now, at 235, 17 pounds heavier and much stronger than he was a year ago, he appears to be the kind of dominant shot blocker that a team trying to replenish its stock of silverware needs.

Another national championship is a distinct possibility for Louisville, even without Darrell Griffith, the master dunker who led the Cardinals to last season's title. Six of the top seven players are back—frontcourt men Derek Smith, Rodney McCray and Wiley Brown, Guard Jerry Eaves and superstars Roger Burkman and Pocho Wright. In addition, Rodney's older brother, Scooter, who was redshirted after an early-season knee injury in 1979-80, is on hand and trying to give the Cardinals a 6' 9" guard in the mold of Magic Johnson.

There are also a couple of promising freshmen—Forward Charles Jones and Guard/Forward Lancaster Gordon—whom Coach Denny Crum plucked out of Mississippi. Jones, in particular, could help right now. "He's the best tipper I've ever seen, and he tips with either hand," says Crum, referring to Jones' work on the rebounding machine, not at a restaurant. Jones also throws a strong outlet pass and does an excellent job of being the last line of defense in the 1-2-1 full-court zone press.

Louisville's most nettlesome preseason problem has been finding the right combination of players. If Crum starts Jones, he would have to bench Scooter McCray or one of the starters from last season's championship team. He likes to have Scooter on the floor because he's the team's best passer and anticipates well in the zone press.

Regardless of who starts, the Cardinals' all-out, hurry-up style will assure that all 10 top players will get plenty of court time. None of them will be more important than Smith who must provide some of the scoring and leadership that Griffith gave. "I'm going to score more points than the 14.6 I averaged last season, but only because the ball will come my way more," he says. "I'm going to do the same things I did last year, but do them harder. Not making the Olympic team last summer changed me more than winning the NCAA's."

Smith and Rodney McCray—who made the U.S. squad but didn't play as much as he wanted to during the team's exhibition tour—are plotting revenge. Their plotting began in the preseason when they would meet at the school running track at 10 p.m. and run a couple of miles in the dark. Now that the season is starting, they are anxious to meet the players who were rated ahead of them by the Olympic coaches—DePaul's Mark Aguirre, Maryland's Buck Williams, Utah's Danny Vranes, North Carolina's Al Wood, Kansas State's Rolando Blackman. Their teams are all on Louisville's schedule, and Smith and McCray undoubtedly also will want to do their best against Providence, where Olympic Coach Dave Gavitt is the athletic director. "Yeah, we play 'em all," Smith says. "That's good."

Smith and McCray lost their first revenge game last Saturday to DePaul, 86-80—that's bad—but they shouldn't lose many more.

continued





Indiana

With his campaign for reelection to the U.S. Senate going poorly, Birch Bayh played his trump card: he got his friend, Indiana Coach Bobby Knight, to do a television commercial for him. Knight was asked why he lined up for Bayh, a liberal Democrat (and an eventual loser), when it's well known that Knight's politics put him to the right of Ronald Reagan. He said, "Aw, he [Bayh] has helped me a lot." Then he grinned. "Besides, I just wanted to let people know that I'm not a puppet of the Republicans."

That's not the only surprise Knight has popped recently. At pre-season practices, for example, he was busy putting in a carefully retooled offense and defense so that the Hoosiers might take better advantage of sophomore Guard Isaiah Thomas' myriad talents. Thomas does certain things so well and is so much better a player than the other Hoosiers, except Randy Wittman and Ray Tolbert, that Knight felt it would be wise to install some subtle changes in his intricate "motion" offense.

"Isiah is our most obvious asset," says Knight. "But to capitalize fully on his skills, we have to use him in a different way than we did last season. When we were recruiting Isiah, we told him he wouldn't have the freedom here that he'd have somewhere else. Now that's not true. Within our framework, he'll have more freedom than he would elsewhere. But it's not a freedom to throw the ball away or take bad shots."

With Mike Woodson gone to the NBA, Thomas will be asked to do more shooting and scoring this season. To help him get more shots and points and take greater advantage of his quickness, ball handling and passing, Indiana will try to fast-break more often. And to ensure a maximum number of fast-break opportunities, Knight wants the Hoosiers to trap on defense in an attempt to create turnovers.

He also would like to use Tolbert more at forward, leaving Landon Turner to play center. Although Tolbert has mostly played in the pivot during his three previous seasons at IU, he is better suited to forward. He goes to the hoop better than any of the Hoosier big men, he can put the ball on the floor and he can work the baseline. However, Knight will have to use Tolbert at center again if he can't find a way to hide Turner in Indiana's offense. Turner can be a scoring machine if he gets the ball in certain spots near the basket, but he doesn't have the basketball instinct necessary to handle all the difficult picks and cuts in IU's attack.

Knight considers Wittman, a sophomore who was redshirted in 1979-80 after an early ankle injury, to be his most intelligent player. This season Wittman will swing between big guard and small forward. If Turner doesn't play as well as Knight hopes, Indiana can either keep Wittman at guard and use Glen Grunwald and Ted Kitchel at forwards, or move Wittman to forward and play either Jim Thomas or Tony Brown at guard with Thomas.

With that kind of versatility Knight should have a more successful campaign than his friend Bayh did.



Oregon State

Ralph Miller, the chain-smoking patriarch of basketball at Oregon State, isn't the kind of guy who goes around beating the drum for himself. But even Miller says his Beavers are loaded. "I've got more talent at all positions than I've ever had. We'll be a better passing team. We'll have more firepower." Indeed, Oregon State has four starters back from a 26-4 team that broke UCLA's 13-year grip on the Pac-10 title, has landed two of the country's most coveted recruits and will have Center Steve Johnson starting a season completely healthy for the first time in his college career.

"There's no way anybody could pick a team other than the Beavers to win the Pac-10. They're just like the old UCLA powerhouses," says Washington State Coach George Raveling.

Forward Owayne Allen and backup Center Tony Martin are the only significant losses from the club that was upset by Lamar in the second round of the NCAA West Regional. Their absence costs the Beavers two valuable defensive players, but

their replacements, Swingman Les Conner and freshman Forward Charlie Sitton, are so good that Allen and Martin will hardly be missed. Conner, the California junior-college co-player of the Year last season, is a marvelous passer and ball handler. He'll normally be listed as a forward but, in effect, will team with returning seniors Ray Blume and Mark Radford to form the three-guard attack Miller prefers. "Conner has no offensive weaknesses," says Miller.

The lucky Sitton, potentially the best player the state of Oregon has produced, appears frail at 190 pounds, but a lifetime of working on his family's 1,500-acre farm outside of McMinnville has made him deceptively strong. Although he was a center throughout high school, Sitton's outside shooting and passing ability make him the perfect high-post complement for Johnson in Miller's high-post, low-post offense. In junior Rob Holbrook, a starter last season, senior Jeff Stout, a streak shooter who is the Pac-10's premier sixth man, and senior Billy McShane, who started at center in place of the injured Johnson three years ago, the Beavers possess unusual talent and depth in the frontcourt.

Johnson established an NCAA single-season field-goal shooting record (71.0%) while averaging 17 points and seven rebounds a game last season when he was a junior. If he can stay out of foul trouble—he was disqualified from 13 games in 1979-80—there's no telling what he might accomplish. After a summer of weight training upped his weight 10 pounds to a muscular 240, Johnson reported to practice better than ever. Heretofore not much of a leaper, he now is regularly blocking shots and throwing down whirling dunks. "My play this year is going to affect my pocketbook," he says. "I have a wife and an infant son and I have to take care of them." He'll accomplish that by taking care of Oregon State's opponents.

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7

UCLA

As an indication of what a difference one year and a second-place finish in the NCAA tournament can make, consider what has happened to UCLA Coach Larry Brown. When he arrived in Westwood last season nobody gave the Bruins a chance to accomplish much of anything because of two straight recruiting years that were disastrous by UCLA standards. Sure enough, the Pauley Pavilion joes that were once reserved for opposing teams were frequently directed at the Bruins as they staggered through a nearly ruinous early season. Meanwhile, Brown thought he was an outsider. "The only time I felt like the coach was in practice with the kids from two to six," he says. Rumors of Brown's imminent return to the NBA surfaced throughout the season. But he stayed, and he should be glad he did.

With one gigantic exception, 7'3", 270-pound J.C. transfer Mark Eaton, UCLA will again be small. The Bruins also will be inexperienced, and they'll sorely miss the scoring, rebounding and senior maturity of Kiki Vandeweghe. Brown talks about "peaks and valleys" and about being a year away. But then he talks about his love for the Bruins' "athletic ability" and how this club is even quicker than the one that in a three-week span last March went from being a 17-9 fourth-place finisher in the Pac-10 to a 22-10 NCAA finalist.

UCLA has three starters back—mercenary guards Rod Foster, the leading returning scorer at 11.5 points per game, and Michael Holton and Forward Mike Sanders. Holton, however, may have to make way for Guard Ralph Jackson, who led his Inglewood, Calif. high school team to a 29-0 record last season and the mythical national championship. "If God ever created a point guard, Ralph came out of that mold," says Brown.

Sanders will move permanently to forward after having averaged 14.3 points and 7.2 rebounds in the 17 games he started last season at center. Sophomore Cliff Prunt and freshman Kenny Fields and Donn Sears will share time in the middle when the Bruins play the high post. But when the massive Eaton enters the game, UCLA will shift to a low-post offense and the Bruin fast break will slow to a snail's pace. Eaton is a 23-year-old former master auto mechanic who learned his basketball at Cypress (Calif.) Community College from the same coach—former UCLA backcourt star Don Johnson—who sent the Bruins Sven Nater. Eaton possesses a soft left-handed touch, but he is woefully slow. "I hope no one looks at him and sees Wilt or Kareem," says Brown. Rest assured there is no chance of that.

Brown says he finds it hard to temper the confidence of his team, which is still high from last season's surprise finish. "I want them to realize that they came in fourth in the Pac-10," he says. Brown believes the Bruins are one solid recruiting class away from being "kind of special." Everyone else thinks they're kind of special right now.

8

Virginia

The University of Virginia has a double identity crisis. First, there's the matter of its nickname. Most of the time the team is referred to as the Cavaliers, but it's also known as the Wahoos, Wahoo being the sound you make when your center is Ralph Sampson (page 34), a 7'4" sophomore of nearly limitless potential.

Second, there's the question of whether this season's Cavaliers are the same ones who tied for fifth in the eight-team ACC and then got knocked out by Clemson in the first round of the league tournament. Or are they the Wahlers who went 24-10 and won the NIT title? Virginia Coach Terry Holland would like to know, too. "Last year we were a team without a strong identity," he says. "We had a lot of good shooters, but the team didn't always mesh. This year the roles will be more clearly defined. We'll be good."

Just how good will depend largely upon how consistently the Cavaliers are able to blend their many formidable talents into a single force. "We went through a lot last season that I'm sure will help us now," says 6'6" senior Guard Jeff Lamp. "A lot of the expectations last year—all the hype that was around us—was for a team nobody had ever seen play." Adds senior Forward Lee Raker. "Having a new player as important in Ralph took some getting used to. We got away from the things we do best and tried to do too many other things. We know each other a lot better this year."

Lamp, who led the ACC in scoring as a sophomore, will give Virginia outside punch, and Jeff Jones, the conference's top assist man the past two seasons, will see to it that Sampson gets the ball in low. Virginia often suffered at the hands of small, quick guards last season, so Holland's only recruits this year were 5'10" Ricky Stokes and 6-foot Othell Wilson. "They give us a dimension we didn't have last year," Holland

says. "When other teams threw small guards at us we could not change our offensive style to offset their quickness. One of those two will be playing a lot for us." Now the Wahoos will be able to pick up the tempo on nights when Sampson is vacuuming the ball off the boards.

Sampson set an ACC record last season by blocking 157 shots, but his 14.9 points a game and 11.2 rebounds were good, not great. His stats should improve this time around. And Raker, a 6'5" bruiser with a nice outside touch, is healthy again after last season's separated shoulder. Terry Gates, a senior forward, is the team's defensive mainstay and will usually draw the ACC's Albert King and Al Wood types.

The Cavaliers are not deep, but they are so strong up front that it may not matter. If Sampson has the kind of year that causes the NBA to start throwing large sums of money at him again, Virginia fans could find themselves in Philadelphia in March chanting, "Wahoooooo!"

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9

Notre Dame

It'll be a long and dangerous road for the Irish. Notre Dame will encounter Wildcats, Warners, Terrapins, Cavaliers and Blue Demons along the way, not to mention a home game against Indiana and home-and-home series with UCI A and San Francisco. All of which adds up to a prepackaged excuse for a poor season, except that Coach Digger Phelps doesn't see it this way. "Play some tough games, get used to hostile crowds, find out what's wrong and prepare for the NCAAAs," is his philosophy. But couldn't Notre Dame, 23-6 in 1979-80, lose too often to qualify for postseason play? "Are you kidding?" Phelps says. "Forty-eight teams go to the tournament this season. We'll be there."

Ever the iconoclast, Phelps also ridicules the homage paid to "dominant centers." In fact, Phelps is taking 6' 9" Orlando Woolridge, who shot 58.5% in the pivot, and returning him to his natural forward position. Notre Dame's starter in the middle will be a freshman, Joe Kleine, with sophomore Tim Andree and senior Gil Salinas in relief. Kleine is an imposing 6' 11", 240-lb fellow with a surprisingly deft outside touch, and Andree and Salinas have lettered, but none of the three matches up with a Ralph Sampson. No matter, says Phelps. "The importance of a single, overwhelming center is overrated. We made the final four in 1978 by alternating centers."

Many coaches still hesitate to use more than one or two freshmen. Phelps will make generous use of four. Kleine, Forward Cecil Rucker and swingmen Barry Spencer and Tom Sluby, all of whom averaged between 21.2 and 31.3 points and 13.0 and 20.1 rebounds a game as high school seniors. And so what if Phelps uses more offensive and defensive alignments than the Joint Chiefs of Staff? "Our kids are special," he says. "They can do it. If you have the athletes, play them."

Oh, does he have the athletes. The most notable among them is Forward Kelly Tripucka, who scored 18 points a game for the season and 21.8 over his last 14 outings. Having lost 18 pounds and worked over the summer to improve his already impressive 55.6% shooting, he could be even quicker and surer. And thanks to Phelps' penchant for shuffling in players—no one played more than 32 minutes per game last year—Tripucka shouldn't wear out. Just in case, top sub Bill Varner is coming off an excellent showing in preseason practices.

There's a potential problem at guard, where graduation sent away Rich Branning to Athletics in Action and Bill Hanzlik to the Seattle SuperSonics. Ball-hawking (51 steals in 1979-80), streak-shooting Tracy Jackson will move from forward to guard to work alongside sophomore playmaker John Passon, who must take full control of the offense.

A good-shooting (51.4% last season) team, Notre Dame will be gunning for its sixth straight 20-win season and eighth straight NCAA bid. Could the Irish fall short? As Phelps says, "Are you kidding?"

10

Missouri

Last season fans in Columbia, Mo., dubbed their Tigers "The Silent Nines" after a string of injuries and ineptibilities cut the squad down to a precious few. After Mizzou beat Notre Dame 87-84 in an overtime thriller in the NCAA Midwest Regional it didn't even have enough players to suit up two practice teams.

Even after Missouri's bubble burst in a 68-63 loss to LSU in the next round, Tiger hearts were aflame in anticipation of 1980-81, when All-Big Eight Forward Curtis Berry would return to action following knee surgery, freshman sensation Steve Stapanovich would be a year stronger, flashy Forward Ricky Frazier would shake and bake, and Mark Dressler would again come off the bench to score 32 the way he did against the Fighting Irish.

Unfortunately, things haven't worked out exactly that way. Dressler tore up a knee in a pickup game the day before school began, and freshman Richie Johnson dropped out of school and returned home to New Albany, Ind. the day before practice

began. But, indeed, Stapanovich is stronger, Frazier is shakin' and bakin', and best of all, Berry's rehabilitated left knee is stronger than his uninjured right one. Add in steady guards Jon Sundvold and Mark Foster and junior college transfer Marvin Moon—as an jump as high as the McCrory, and it's little wonder that Berry's assessment of the Tigers' chances for success in the Big Eight and NCAA championship races is so positive and direct: "I'd bet on us."

Not a bad idea. Perhaps, in Coach Norm Stewart's eyes, it's better to lose someone early, so you don't know what you would have missed." Stewart explains that the Missouri program has been built around "self-motivated, driven people, because if a player won't do it for himself, I can't do it for him." In keeping with that attitude, Mizzou runs

a rather laissez-faire offense, preferring to take advantage of favorable situations as they develop instead of running set plays. "People watch us and don't think we have an offense, and I'm not sure they're too far off," Stewart says. "We just throw the ball around and get a shot when we can." Last season the Tigers could—and did—making an NCAA record 58% from the field.

Of course, it helps to have personnel like the 6' 11", 250-pound Stipo, who made NBC's All-Freshman Team in 1979-80, averaging 14.4 points a game. All he wants to do this season, he says, is "dominate the game at both ends of the floor." Stapanovich may do just that, provided he keeps above water, so to speak. A heavy perspirer, he loses as many as 15 pounds in a single practice, often finds it necessary to change his uniform and sneakers during games and has become dehydrated on occasion. By bringing Stapanovich into camp overweight, the Tigers hope to prevent the dehydration from occurring again, which means the people doing the most sweating will be Missouri opponents.



continued



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Technics SA-616 and SA-818 (shown). Two uncommon receivers because of the two things they have in common: Technics synchro-bias circuitry and quartz-synthesized tuning. Together they give you that special something you've come to expect from Technics: sonic excellence.

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11

Iowa

12

Ohio State

It's minutes before practice and Hawkeye fans are starting to roll into Iowa Field House. Look, fellows, there's Kevin Boyle jumping rope. Check out the muscles on Vance Brookins when he stretches out. And there's silver-haired Lute Olson, last season's Coach of the Year.

People come from all over the state to watch the Hawks practice because Iowans know a good thing when they see one. The Hawkeyes may not be as flashy or as talented as some other teams, but they've done well, having earned a share of the Big Ten title two years ago and a trip to the Final Four last season. Their two-year record is 43-18.

The basis for this success becomes apparent in practice, when the Hawks really go at it. Bodies bang through picks and on rebounds, guys even box each other out during the water breaks. It's not that the Hawkeye players don't like each other (indeed, most of the squad stayed together on campus last summer so they could begin practicing informally for this season); it's just the system. And the system is predicated on hard work. Iowa drills hard on everything—traps, presses, shooting—and does it in full speed.

Another reason for this intensity is the severe competition for playing time, seeing as Iowa has 11 players back from last season. The only 1979-80 starter not on hand is Guard Ronnie Lester. He was troubled by knee problems in his senior year; Iowa was 15-1 with him in the lineup and only 8-9 without him. But Lester's absence should be overcome because, as Olson says, "We're better everywhere else."

The Hawkeyes have a pair of freshman guards, Steve Carlino and the appropriately named defensive wizard, Dennis Johnson, who, Olson feels, could someday constitute the best backcourt in the nation. Nonetheless, the starting guards figure to be Kenny Arnold, who scored 13.5 points per game in 1979-80, and Bobby Hansen, if each fully recovers from the sprained knee he sustained this fall.

The Hawks are set everywhere else. The twin Steve towers, 6'10", 230-pound Krafchick and 6'10", 225-pound Waite, will share the pivot, and will be joined in the frontcourt by a triumvirate of talented forwards: tough Mark Gannon sharing time with starters Boyle (11.8 points) and Brookins (11.0).

Iowa's depth gives Olson the luxury of being able to adjust his lineup according to the characteristics of the opposing team or the circumstances of the game. But no matter who's on the court, you can be sure Iowa will press all game long. In the process, the Hawkeyes hope to wear down the opposition and equal or improve on the defensive statistics of last season when they allowed 65.4 points per game and held teams to 47% shooting. But while Iowa may be impressing everyone else, Hawkeye fans can watch with the satisfaction that they saw it all before—in practice.

It was always Kelvin Ransey. Ransey on a jump shot, Ransey on a drive, Ransey beating a defender to set up a 3-on-2 fast break and passing to the open man. While conducting the Ohio State offense last season, Ransey scored 16.2 points a game and led the Buckeyes with 177 assists. Now that he's playing for the Portland Trail Blazers, some critics wonder if the team he left behind will have any offense at all.

Fear not, Buckeye fans. Though there's no virtuoso guard of Ransey's skills, the Ohio State offense may be more balanced without him. It previously consisted of Four Guys Waiting for Kelvin, too often a costly approach in close games. The Buckeyes lost six of 13 contests decided by five or fewer points, including four games to teams trailing them in the Big Ten race and an overtime heart-breaker to Indiana that cost Ohio State the conference title. "This year we'll have more of a team offense," says Coach Eldon Miller. "We'll move the ball more."

Mitch Haas, a member of the bruising bunch competing for playing time in the forecourt, says "Eldon has us moving without the ball, passing instead of dribbling, seeing the whole floor and keeping the defense honest with a versatile attack." Normally the Buckeyes will work the ball inside to either Center Herb Williams or Forward Clark Kellogg. If the defense collapses on them, the other three players on the floor will fire away. Both left-handed Carter Scott and Ransey's successor, Larry Higgins, have good range. Defensive specialist Jim Smith is back at the other forward spot, but if Miller needs more scoring he'll turn to one of the three capable sophomores, Haas, Nate Sims or Granville Walters. Oh, that Ohio State frontcourt. There are seven players who are taller than 6'6", and a lot of them are built like light ends. That's good; the Buckeyes must play with grid-iron-like precision and toughness because they won't be getting the easy baskets Ransey used to give them.

Not that there aren't stars of his magnitude still on hand. Williams scored 17.6 points a game and tied Purdue's Joe Barry Carroll for the Big Ten rebounding crown with a 9.4 average. But the most gifted Buckeye of all is that superhero off a cereal box, Kellogg. As one of the few freshmen starters in the Big Ten last season, he played 32 minutes a game and led the conference in offensive rebounding. When it comes to ball sense and timing, Kellogg boosters claim he outranks every Ohio State player since Jerry Lucas, who played in 1959-62. Miller expects Kellogg to lead the fast break and be more effective close to the basket. The Buckeyes are also confident that he has overcome the delicacies that bothered him last year when he led the team in turnovers with 104 and shot only 40.9% in conference games. How confident? "By January," says Haas, "Clark Kellogg is going to be the best player in the country."

Kelvin who?





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13

Georgetown

Practice sessions this fall at Georgetown's McDonough Arena were so incredibly quiet that a rumor circulated briefly among the Jesuits on campus that the Hoyas had taken vows of silence. Even when the team warmed up with an exercise in which each player got to drill his teammates in the gut with a 115-pound medicine ball, there wasn't a peep. The Hoyas walk softly and carry a big coach—6'11", 300-pound John Thompson (page 88)—but before the season is done they'll probably make a very loud noise in the East.

Last year Georgetown got to the finals of the East Regional, losing to Iowa 81-80 after leading by 14 points. Three starters from that team have graduated, most notably Guard John Duren and Forward Craig Shelton, who took 29.6 points, 9.3 rebounds and more than eight assists a game with them. Although Thompson has quality replacements, he is justifiably concerned by his team's lack of experience. "We won a lot of games at the end of last year because we were a very stubborn team," says Thompson. "We have to reestablish some of those chemical compounds as well as some of our skills. We have versatility among our players, but the level of competence remains to be seen."

The only thing that remains to be seen about 6'3" junior Guard Eric (Sleepy) Floyd is how much better he can become before he has to have his eyelids placed in traction. Floyd scored 18.7 points a game as a sophomore and hit 55.4% of the jumpers that he generally launched from the vicinity of M Street and Wisconsin Avenue. Thompson used to flinch at Sleepy's sloppy shot selection (which was better than trying to pronounce it), but that was before he realized Floyd's range. "He probably didn't know the extent of my capabilities," says Sleepy. "I'm not into personal accomplishments, but I really think there's going to be a game where I don't miss a shot." Floyd also led the Hoyas last year in steals (73) and—here's an eye-opener—blocked shots (14).

Getting the ball into Sleepy's hands will be the responsibility of 6'5" freshman Point Guard "Georgetown" Freddie Brown, late of the Bronx, who won't shoot much but can deliver the ball through a crowd. "He's a tremendous passer," says Thompson, "a dream for anybody who moves without the ball."

Thompson hopes to do away with the three-headed center system he employed last season, rotating 7-footer Mike Frazier with 6'7" Mike Hancock and 6'9" Ed Spriggs in the pivot. Spriggs, the former mailman who shot 66.0% in '79-80, will start, with Frazier (67.1%) backing him up. Hancock will move to forward, where he will share time with juniors Jeff Bulls and defensive stalwart Eric Smith. Those three averaged only 14.1 points among them last season, and if the Hoyas expect to provide Floyd with adequate operating room, one of the forwards will have to share some of the offensive load. If that happens, watch Georgetown go boom!

14

LSU

Though the two men are far removed from one another in age and profession, the similarities between them have gone unnoticed long enough. It's not just that they look so much alike, it's their immensely energetic personalities that make Dale Brown and Gene Kelly dead ringers.

The Gene Kelly who was in *An American in Paris*? What's he got to do with the LSU basketball coach? Well, there are several parallels. Brown has been an American in Paris, too. Besides coaching the Tigers, he spends almost every summer in Europe working with some of the 40-odd international teams who seek his expertise. Kelly is a fitness nut who did most of his own movie stunts. Brown runs nearly every day and says he feels best after his periodic Thursday-to-Sunday fasts. Kelly is a creative genius who could dance a smosh number with an umbrella or with Jerry, the cartoon-character mouse. Brown has improved his players' free-throw percentages by asking them to lie down in a darkened room and imagine their shots swishing through the net 200 times in a row. And like Kelly, Brown has a winning way about him. Two seasons ago LSU won the SEC title and last spring upset Kentucky in the championship game of the league tournament. LSU's record has improved every season for the past five.

Even with the 26-6 mark of 1979-80 staring him in the face, Brown has the players to take another step up. DeWayne Scates won't be among them, having turned pro a year early. But Scates was a disruptive influence, and to a man the Tigers were glad to see him sign with the Knicks.

Rudy Macklin, a former high school drum major, is Brown's spiritual leader on the floor. A left-handed forward who scored 17.6 points a game last season, he's as quick as they come. Guard Ethan Martin lulls opponents to sleep with his lifeless facial expression but keeps a lot of SEC coaches awake at night with his play: 25 points, alone assists and seven steals against Tennessee; 29, eight and four, respectively, against Kentucky. Martin's running mate, 6'3" Willie Sims, poured in 30 in the Tigers' 98-88 first-round NCAA win over Alcorn State and has finally gained much-needed consistency. The center will be 6'7" freshman Leonard Mitchell, unless Greg Cook is allowed back from his indefinite suspension. Forward Howard Carter, a 6'5", 235-pound enforcer, completes the lineup. Backcourt depth comes from Johnny Jones, a freshman with blazing speed.

Brown, meanwhile, continues his all-out, round-the-clock assault against failure and mediocrity. Some nights he works in his office until 4 a.m., "goes home to lie down" and is back at his desk by 8 o'clock. Last season that kind of dedication helped LSU defeat each of the traditional SEC powers—Kentucky, Alabama and Tennessee—twice and in the process the Tigers broke every school attendance record.

Now that's entertainment.



continued

15

Texas A&M

During the next few months the most harassed man in the US west of the Oval Office will be Tyrone Ladson, who plays point guard for Texas A&M. Opposing defenses will surround Ladson when his alarm goes off in the morning, hound him on his way to breakfast and pressure him all over campus in hopes of tiring him out before game time.

Ladson is a marked man because he brings the ball up the floor for A&M. Ordinarily this would be a routine responsibility. But the Aggies are no orthodox team, and the consequences of letting Ladson get the ball over the mid-court line to set up the Aggie offense are dire indeed. Once he makes it safely across, Ladson will pass the ball in to The Wall, and from there, as every Southwest Conference coach knows by now, it usually goes right in the hole.

The Wall consists of 6'11" Rudy Woods, 6'8" Vernon Smith and 6'6" Rynn Wright, who combined for 40 points and 22 rebounds a game last season. Those numbers wouldn't raise an eyebrow in most parts of the country. But things are a little different in the Southwest Conference, where, as Texas Coach Abe Lemons says, "They spend so much time walking up and down the floor, you have to take a No-Doz to stay awake." A few key rebounds and a dunk or two can make a big difference in, say, a 59-54 game.

This explains why The Wall was such an important force as the Aggies' march to the conference championship last season. Woods shot 65.0% to win his second consecutive league field-goal percentage title. Smith was the team's leading scorer (14.8 points per game) and second-leading rebounder behind Woods. Wright had four 20-point games while being named the conference's Defensive Player of the Year.

Coush Shelby Metcalf has two other bruisers to lock arms with Woods, who, most observers feel, hasn't come close to tapping his enormous potential. One is 6'9" Claude Riley, who last season shot 53.6% in conference play as a part-timer and who'll probably start this year in the Aggies' unconventional 1-4 offensive configuration. The other is 6'8", 230-pound Maurice McDaniels, a transfer from Florida who was SEC Freshman of the Year in 1979. If his grades are good enough, McDaniels will have his eligibility restored by the fourth game of league play.

If Ladson can't handle both the ball and the pressure, Metcalf will switch to freshman Reggie Roberts, a real greyhound who does 360-degree dunks in practice. Whoever runs the team will have to keep him—and everyone else—cool during a strange early-season scheduling period in which A&M plays nine consecutive games away from its notorious G. Rolfe White Coliseum. Three of those games are in the league. Nevertheless, the Aggies are prohibitive favorites to repeat as conference champions. Which is to say that, once again, the rest of the league will be up against The Wall.



16

Nevada-Las Vegas

As his city's only recognizable sporting celebrity, Nevada-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian has an obligation to his fans. So at the Las Vegas-Paradise Rotary Club luncheon the other day Tark took the day after the residue of the breaded seafood had been cleared away to fill the old boys in on the progress of their Runnin' Rebels. "I like our team this year," he said. "We got a lot of skinny guys, but I don't mind, because I like quickness."

Five of those players—forwards Sidney Green and Richard Box, guards Larry Anderson and Michael Burns and a not-so-skinny 6'8", 245 pounds) center, Michael Johnson—were the nucleus of the UNLV team that went 23-9 in 1979-80, extended the Rebels' string of consecutive 20-victory seasons under Tarkanian to seven, finished fourth in its first-ever appearance in the NIT and led the nation in cardiac arrests. Playing with a top eight that included two freshmen, Green and Anderson, and four sophomores, Burns, Box, Johnson and Michael Loyd, UNLV won eight games by a mere 19 points and lost seven games by a total of 21. Four of the

losses came at the buzzer. The problem last season was that the young Rebels hadn't mastered Tarkanian's full-court pressure defense, the key to Vegas' withering first break. "We were so young we could rarely sustain the defensive pressure the way we wanted to," says Tarkanian.

Consequently, UNLV did very little running last season, but now the running game is working just fine. "We have only one senior on our club, but I think we can be as good as anybody in the country," says Tarkanian.

The same could also be said for the redoubtable Green, the 6'9" marvel who was second in the nation among freshmen in both scoring (15.6) and rebounding (11.1). "He's a great rebounder, shot blocker and outlet passer," says Burns. "He can get the rock to you." Joining El Cid, as Green is known in Las Vegas, to

form a versatile, aggressive front line are Box, probably the team's most consistent performer, and Johnson, a part-time starter last year whose flashes of brilliance were balanced out by alarming periods of inattention on the court. If Johnson is listening, he should know that 6'8" junior Eddie Robertson, who twice led California's junior colleges in rebounding while averaging an uncanny seven assists per game as a center at Riverside City College, is ready to step in.

The best shooters are in the backcourt, where the 6'7" operatives are Burns, a marvelous penetrator, and Anderson, a good defensive player. "Anderson is the best outside shooter I've ever had," says Tarkanian, who has coached a number of outstanding gunners in his long career. The guards will be backed up by Greg Gootjan, a transfer from Arizona State who scored 43.4 points a game as a high school senior. "We're not real deep," says Tarkanian, "but I think we have some real quality here." Enough, for sure, to send the Rebels off and running toward another NCAA berth.

Before the start of last season, the unassuming and presumably non-contending Bradley Braves got all decked out in tuxedos and other finery for the cover photo of their media guide. Then the Braves went out and looked even better in their red-and-white uniforms, going 23-10 while climbing from last place in the Missouri Valley Conference to the regular and postseason championships.

For this season's brochure most of those same young men donned Army green and posed with bazookas, rocket launchers and a World War II tank in a scene aptly entitled *Defending the Title*. Which they should do.

If ever a team was a reflection of its coach, it's Bradley. The very assuming and immodest Dick Versace says this Bradley team was built "from the three C's—conflict, controversy and competition." This is also a pretty good description of how Versace got where he is. "I say what I think and then you can sit back and watch me succeed or fall on my butt," he says.

Versace, who made his name coaching in Chicago high schools,

plays a city-style game, with an almost nonstop free-lance attack. The style works at Bradley because of talented city-bred players like guards David Thindtill (St. Louis) and Hasan Houston (born in New York) and junior forward Mitchell Anderson (Chicago). Anderson scored 20.6 points per game last season and became the first Bradley sophomore to score 1,000 career points.

Slightly built at 6'8" and about 195 pounds, Anderson was also the Braves' leading rebounder. Donald Reese is a quite capable center at 6'9", but there's no adequate backup. In case of foul trouble, look for Versace to move the 6'7" Thindtill, an excellent defensive player, or Anderson into the post and insert explosive sixth man Houston into the lineup. In a 55-53 NCAA tournament loss to Southwest Conference champion Texas A&M, Houston scored 17 points in 28 minutes.

The Braves began to move last season after Houston was shifted from the starting lineup to the super-sub role, going 18-5 after the switch was made and completing a 16-game sweep at home. Bradley's home—Robertson Memorial Field House—deserves special mention because it was fashioned 31 years ago from two gigantic airplane hangars. But the Braves can be tough on the road, too. The high point of their season came at Wichita State when Bradley shocked the Shockers by holding them to 11 second-half points en route to a 57-51 win. That performance prompted one Bradley player to remark, "I don't care how much talent any team has, they'll never beat us."

To compensate for its lack of size and bulk, Bradley relies on quickness and jumping ability and plays a very physical, pressing game. However there's a difference between physical and kamikaze, and offensive motion and heller-skelter action. If the Braves can handle that difference, who knows what next year's cover photo might depict?



For a detailed analysis of why St. John's won't go down the tube this season despite the loss of three-year starting guards Reggie Carter and Bernard Rencher, we take you to the Redmen locker room and Curtus Redding: "They're writing off St. John's because we lost Reggie and Bernard. But don't nobody want to finish last around here. As far as I can see all the biased guys have left college basketball. We got all the king-dong-bing-bong right here."

Actually, Redding, the Redmen's 6'4" senior swingman and resident frankfurter, is mistaken in his assessment of the state of college basketball. Most, if not all, of the bidders are still skulking around out there. But assuming king-dong-bing-bong is Redding-ism for a talented player, then at least his assessment of his teammates is correct.

Another thing in St. John's favor is Coach Lou Carnesecca, who, like every good New Yorker, is a survivor. Last season the Redmen were 24-5, their best showing since 1952, and tied Syracuse and Georgetown for the regular-season championship of the Big East Conference.

The Redmen's front line, which is composed of seniors Wayne McKay, Frank Gurey and Ron Plair and sophomore David Russell in varying combinations, is all too familiar to their opponents. The 6'8" McKay, St. John's second-leading scorer and leading rebounder last season, will again be a power forward playing out of position at center. His mobility and outside shooting touch are ideal when the Redmen go to the high post offense or run their transition game. But in his three seasons of tangling with the aircraft carriers of the college game, foul trouble has been his constant companion. "Wayne has got to battle all the heavyweights," Carnesecca says. "I've learned to live with it like people learn to live with arthritis." McKay is getting special instruction from former New York Knick

Willis Reed, who signed on this year as a volunteer assistant. "I can bring a guy only so far," Carnesecca says. "I'm like the general practitioner. Now I bring in the specialist."

There will be more time on the floor this season for Russell, who had a sensational freshman campaign in which he averaged 10.6 points and 5.3 rebounds a game and was named MVP of the ECAC Holiday Festival tournament, the first freshman to be so honored.

The ebullient Redding, who scored 3.9 points a game in a part-time role last season, will start at one guard. He may be quick with a quip, but his opponents will find his roughhouse defense and outside shooting touch no laughing matter. He'll be joined in the backcourt by sophomore Billy Goodwin, a junior-college All-America in his only season at San Jacinto (Texas) J.C. Before going to the Southwest, Goodwin was a high school star in the Bronx. "We're going to be a better team at the end of the season," says Carnesecca, who obviously knows good king-dong-bing-bongs when he sees them.

continued

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19

South Alabama

Here they come, bursting onto the floor of Mobile's Municipal Auditorium in their red-white-and-blue warmups with the letters USA emblazoned across the front, their entrance heralded by the best of the Louis Brothers Odyssey LTD Band. Let's hear it for the University of South Alabama Jaguars!

Seldom able to recruit top-quality Alabama high school players because of the preeminence of the Crimson Tide and Auburn, South Alabama has pulled in talented kids from nearby states and gone to work on its image problem. That's why Coach Cliff Ellis hired the LTD Band; he didn't think the USA school band had enough firepower to porch up the fans. For lack of a better campaign slogan, he has dubbed South Alabama "the Iona of the South." But Ellis' most important accomplishments have come in the all-important W column.

The Jags finished 23-6 last season, won the Sun Belt regular season title and had enough clout to lose the conference tournament and still qualify for the NCAAs. South Alabama had played a two-point game against eventual champion Louisville in its season opener—at Louisville. And the Jags went on to win those 23 games without former Sunbelt Player of the Year, 6'8" Rory White, who went down with a knee injury in the first half of the 75-73 loss to the Cardinals.

Everybody who counts is back, including White, whose knee and keen outside shooting touch appear to be intact. Last season's leading scorer was Ed Rains, who plays one of the wings in South Alabama's 1-4 offense. Rains not only had 18.8 points a game himself, but he also consistently put the clamps on the man he guarded. He outscored Dorell Griffith 26 to 15 and held Jacksonville's all-league center, James Ray, without a basket for an entire half. As good as Rains was, his flair for the dramatic didn't approach Point Guard Herb Andrews'. Herb's last-second baskets saved three games—against Jacksonville, UNC Charlotte and Alabama-Birmingham.

South Alabama didn't score a great many points—76.4 per game—but the Jags finished third nationally in scoring margin because of their defense (64.5). At the low post, 6'9" John May is a fierce intimidator, and Scott Williams, a wing man and third-year starter, is another gutsy defensive specialist.

Because South Alabama hasn't lost a conference road game in two years, it isn't the most popular team in the Sun Belt. Nor is Ellis, a brilliant 35-year-old tactician, the most beloved coach. He feels it's O.K. "to verbally and mentally harass your opponents. I'm not that kind of guy away from the court, but I do play to win," he says. "When I came here the administration was talking about dropping down to Division II. Now we've consistently drawing 7,000 fans a night, and the press is beginning to annoy Alabama and Auburn with questions about why they won't schedule us. That's what I call progress." That's what USA's opponents call "trouble."

20

Clemson

Everywhere you go in Clemson, S.C. you see tiger paws. There are tiger paws painted on the road that leads into town, tiger paws pointed on the sides of liquor stores, tiger paws pointed on people's faces. Clemson loves its Tigers, and there's nothing the school's ardent fans wouldn't cover with cat tracks to prove it. This season the Tigers may also leave some indelible impressions on the ACC, if they can win a road game or two, they might just turn out to be the paws that refreshes for the citizenry of Clemson.

The Tigers were 23-9 last season and made it all the way to the finals of the NCAA West Regional, but leading scorer Billy Williams and point guard Bobby Conrad are gone from that team. Lack of experience may be Clemson's only glaring weakness: of its top nine players, eight are underclassmen and freshmen Clarke Bynum and Raymond Jones are expected to help. "I think this is as talented a team as I've had at Clemson," says Coach Bill Foster, "but I don't know what to expect."

What the Tigers lack in brawn they should be able to compensate for with quickness and cunning. A good example is 6'10" Center Larry Nance, who spent most of last season at forward. Nance was the top rebounding forward in the ACC (8.1 a game), and in a four-game stretch during which he did play center, he scored 23.8 points a game and shot a hot 68.9%. But Nance weighs only 200 pounds, and he can be moved around by bigger pivots. "Usually I'm kind of quicker than all the other centers," Nance says. "I don't really have the strength to be pushy with those big guys."

Another bear bait is junior Forward Horace Wyatt, who is 6'10" and weighs only 190 pounds, a lot of it wagging tongue. Wyatt is big enough to guard centers and quick enough to take on guards, but he isn't above yakking an opponent into submission. "I like to talk a lot," Wyatt says. "I like to express myself. I don't know why most guys don't like to talk. I do. You hold it back, you might hurt yourself."

Chris Dodds will direct the Clemson offense from the point, but he must learn to control his penchant for running at all times. The 6'7" Bynum—the most highly recruited player ever to attend Clemson—will be the starting wing guard, a position that has produced the Tigers' leading scorer the past four years. Bynum underwent surgery on his left knee last spring, but he seems to be sufficiently recovered now. Foster hopes to exploit Bynum's height by posing him against smaller defenders.

Jones and Fred Gilliam will play a lot at small forward, with Gilliam having the special advantage of being Clemson's best shooter.

Clemson was 15-0 at home in 1979-80, including 7-0 against ACC competition, but the Tigers were 1-6 on the road in league play. If they can make tracks better, those paws will be known for their claws.



CONTINUED

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The Best of the Rest to Watch

St. Joseph's? "An aspirin company," thought Hawk star Boo Williams when he was first recruited. "Joe Bag o' Doughnuts" is how Recruiter Brad Greenberg characterizes the school. But such deprecation is quite out of place this year on Hawk Hill, and Williams and Greenberg are two of the main reasons. Greenberg helped St. Joe's pluck the two finest players out of Philadelphia high schools. One of them, last season's 6' 10" Public League MVP Tony Costner, will let the 6' 8" Williams, the Hawks' leading scorer and rebounder last season, move to power forward. The other, 6' 5" Lonnie McFarlan, was Catholic League MVP and strengthens a backcourt already featuring Bryan Warrick, who won three games with last-second shots last year, and Jeffery Clark, who sat out last season to concentrate on his studies. Grant the Hawks, who were 21-9 last season, the East Coast Conference regular-season and Big Five titles, but don't be surprised if they take more.

In nine of the 12 games Wichita State lost last season, the Shockers were within a point of the opposition with a minute or less to play. They still managed to win 17, developing five underclass starters and a spate of colorful nicknames in the process. Back are the so-called Bookend Forwards, Cliff (Good News) Livingston and Antoine (Dr. Dunkenstein) Carr, who combined for 16 rebounds and nearly 31 points a game. "In the heat of a game I sometimes can't tell 'em apart myself," says Coach Gene Smithson, who was known as Radar Gene with a Built-In Screen during his playing days. Smithson will turn ball-handling chores over to his son, Sonar Randy, and Casper (Wyo.) junior-college transfer Tony Martin.

"People haven't respected us in recent years and they've been surprised," says Illinois star Eddie Johnson. "Louisville didn't last year and we blew them out." True enough. But it's hard to respect the Illini when they have the habit of starting seasons 15-0 and 11-3, only to end up 19-11 and 22-13, as they have in the last two seasons, respectively. Such schizophrenia of the past two years could be laid to inconsistent backcourt play, a shortcoming Coach Lou Henson hopes to have corrected by adding two guards, Colleyville (Kans.) Community College transfer Craig Tucker and take-charge freshman Derek Harper. The frontcourt of the 1989 NIT semifinalists remains one of the nation's most potent, with Johnson, who averaged 17.4 points and 8.9 rebounds a

game last season, and Mark Smith (15.3 and 6.1).

Arizona State could use some respect, too. If the national polls are correct about Oregon State and UCLA, the Sun Devils won't finish second in their conference, which is what they did last year when they were 22-7 overall. All Pac-10 Forward Kurt Nimphius is gone, so Coach Ned Wulk is doing some adjusting. Former sixth-man Johnny Nash will start at small forward and Sam Williams moves over to strong forward. Others figuring in Wulk's frontcourt plans are Swingman Paul Williams and newcomers Warren Everett—a more-than-respectable product of Dangerfield (Texas) High—and Walt Stone. Anchoring the middle will be seven-foot Alton Lister, more agile, aggressive and confident now that academic problems and a summer with the Olympic team are behind him. Guard Byron Scott, with a 13.6-point average last season, is the leading returning scorer.

"An NCAA berth would keep us right on schedule," says third-year Penn State Coach Dick Harter, who has four of five starters back from the 18-10 NIT team that led the nation in field-goal percentage defense. The Nittany Lions also picked up two Pennsylvania all-stars—the first time in 16 years that Penn State has lured any of that species. The new kids are Guard Brian Dean and Forward Dick Mumma. The willowy 6' 10" Mumma will start alongside 6' 8" Mike Lang and Center Frank Brickowski, whose touch belies his surname. This will give Penn State a big if somewhat slow lineup, but, Harter says, "For a change we'll have depth. We'll be able to go nine or 10 deep without any appreciable loss in talent."

continued





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²Social Security was never

intended to be more than a basic system supplemented by private pensions and individual savings. The price for forgetting this has been high and promises to get higher: combined employer/employee FICA taxes on our grandchildren's salaries could reach 25%. Of course, there are alternatives. Social Security could increase the official retirement age,

pay benefits based on government-determined need, or simply... reduce benefits in general.

³Two-thirds of small businesses surveyed in 1978 offered no pension plans at all. One reason: Typically, big employers can write off 46% in taxes for every pension dollar they contribute, while most small ones can only write off about 20%. In some cases,

they can't write off anything.

⁴Our real estate and participating mortgage separate accounts, for example, are designed to offer larger returns in the face of double-digit inflation. We've also helped fund the Pension Research Council's study of pensions and inflation.



West Texas-El Paso Coach Don Haskins says the Miners' guard situation is so bad that "the buzzards are circling every day at practice." But Haskins, that noted doomsayer, is keeping uncharacteristically quiet about the Miners' burly front line, which helped UTEP go 20-8 and rank 10th in the nation in rebounding last season, and about how his backcourt shortcomings may be ameliorated by the arrival of prize recruit Anthony Bailey.

BYU, led by conference Player of the Year Danny Ainge, remains the WAC favorite despite the loss of three starters, including Forward Devin Durrant, who left school to do Mormon missionary work in Spain. But Wyoming, coming off its best season (18-10) in a decade, welcomes back Guard Charles (Tub) Bradley and has filled its biggest need with 7-foot Center Chris Engler, a transfer from Minnesota. The 6' 5" Bradley, a 19.1-point-per-game scorer last season and younger brother of the Indiana Pacers' Dudley, is merely the Cowboys' best player ever. "Danny Vranes is the most consistent performer in the WAC, but Charles is the most explosive," says Wyoming Coach Jim Brandenburg. Vranes, who had 15.2 points and 9.5 rebounds per game last season, is part of Utah's powerful front line. He and Karl Bankowski flank 6' 10" Center Tom Chambers, who scored 17.2 points a game. Bankowski averaged 12.6 points and sank the winning basket in the Utes' 71-69 upset of Louisville. Bringing up the rear in the WAC will be scandal-scarred New Mexico, despite the presence of Kenny Page, the nation's fourth-leading scorer, with a 28.0-point average in 1979-80, and new inductee Air Force, which, alas, has a 6' 8" height limit for cadets.

After Oregon State, UCLA and Arizona State, the Pac-10 is a scramble. Washington's 7' 2" Icelandic center, Petur Gudmundsson, skipped to Argentina to play pro ball, leaving the Huskies short—literally. To compensate, they will press from end line to end line and go to a running game on offense. Although UCLA Coach Larry Brown says "Cal's a real sleeper," the rest of the conference looks to be just plain sleepy. The Golden Bears have Kevin Singleton, a 16.1-average scorer in 1978-79 and a redshirt last season.

Perennial Big Sky titlist Weber State will be lucky to crack the top three after saying goodbye to all but one of its starters. Four regulars apiece return at Montana and Idaho, a pair of teams known for close-to-the-vest offense and tight defense. Either one of them or Montana State, strong in the frontcourt, should be Weber's successor. Idaho is looking up after finishing 17-10 in 1979-80, the Vandals' first 500-plus record in nine seasons. In predicting the WCAC race, Pepperdine Coach Jim Harrick says, "You start with USF. Second place should be a turkey shoot." Harrick's own team could be the best of the turkeys, thanks to a handful of good recruits that will ease the loss of Ricardo Brown and Tony Fuller, who averaged 19.5 points each last season. However, they won't be a match for San Francisco and 7-foot, 245-pound Wallace Bryant. Last season Bryant scored 13.3 points and grabbed 10.4 rebounds per game, and Guard Quintin Dailey added 13.6 points as the Dons won their fourth straight WCAC title. San Francisco missed the NCAA tournament, however, because it was on probation. Al-

though that probationary period is over, the Dons are on probation again because of new violations the university discovered last spring. The school acted by replacing Coach Dan Belluomini with Peter Barry. Despite this new probation, USF is eligible for the NCAA title.

Fresno State has the talent to win the PCAA title because its two 6' 7" forwards, Bobby Davis and Rod Higgins, are among the league's best. Close behind will be defending-champ Utah State and Long Beach State. The Aggies have 20.6-points-per-game Forward Brian Jackson. The 49ers will miss Michael Wiley and Francois Wise, their career leaders in points and rebounds, respectively.

Midwest Everywhere you turn there will be powerhouses dominating conference play—Missouri in the Big Eight, Louisville in the Metro, Texas A&M in the Southwest, Centenary in the Trans America. So can anybody else out there play this game?

Well, yes and no. It seems unlikely that the favorites will falter against relatively inferior competition, but there could be some interesting battles for second place. In the Big Eight, however, Missouri suddenly became vulnerable when it lost two key players during the preseason, and Kansas State appears to have a good chance to make that race close. The Wildcats have three starters back from a team that went 22-9 last year and lost to eventual NCAA champion Louisville by only two points in the Midwest Regional. Guard Rolando Blackman is the Big Eight's best player. Both Kansas and Nebraska have a chance to be good, too, but the Jayhawks must overcome the disaster that led to last year's 15-14 record. Like Darnell Valentine at Kansas, Guard Jo Jo Hunter will make Colorado click, but the only hope for Oklahoma and Iowa State is the future, which now rests in the capable hands of new coaches Billy Tubbs and Johnny Orr, respectively.

Creighton may be the only team in the Missouri Valley Conference with a chance of overcoming the dominance of Bradley and Wichita State. The Blue Jays have four regulars back, the best of whom is Forward Kevin McKenna. Creighton will rely on a front line that averages 6' 8", and for the first time Coach Tom Apke will forsake his no-post offense for a double-post formation. "Intellectually, we know we're doing the right thing, but emotionally we wonder if we've sold out," says Apke. Drake will once again have the services of the best player in the conference, senior Forward Lewis Lloyd, who finished second in scoring (30.2 points a game) and rebounding (15.0) nationally last season. Lloyd broke his right leg in the off-season, but he should not miss any games. The big surprise in the Valley this year could be Tulsa, whose new coach, Nolan Richardson, won the junior-college national championship at Western Texas last season and brought four of his starters along with him. Florida State is the only team in the Metro with the size to test Louisville, but shooting and ball handling could be problems for the Seminoles. Elvis (Rocken) Rolle is 6' 10" and hard to stop in the low post; joining him will be State's top recruit, 6' 9"

Oren Gilmore, the younger brother of NBA star Artis.

Arkansas will be the best of the rest in the Southwest, but the Razorbacks will count on speed and cunning instead of size—of which they have precious little. "This is the smallest team I've ever had," says Arkansas Coach Ed Die Sutton. "We're almost fragile-looking." The Hogs will rely almost solely on Scott Hastings underneath, but that's not so bad since the 6' 10" junior scored 16.2 points a game last season and made the all-conference team. Texas will be big up front, where it has one of the league's top freshmen in Mike Wacker. Baylor has junior Terry Teague, a 23-point scorer, and not much else.

Not only does Centenary have the Trans America Conference's best inside player and three other starters back from a team that won 12 of its last 13, but the Gents also have the best names. Center Cherokee Rhone averaged 20 points and 10.3 rebounds a game and shot 66.6%, and he'll again be joined by Napoleon Byrdson and Lorin George. Lamar should continue its hegemony over the Southland, with B.B. Davis handling the chores underneath and Mike Oliver doing the outside work.

Mideast

The Big Ten will be as strong as last season. That scarcely seems possible, because seven of its teams went to post-season tournaments last spring, but with 35 of 50 starters, 18 of the top 25 scorers and eight of the 12 leading rebounders all back, it's true.

Michigan, which had the conference's best recruiting season, is a threat to Indiana, Ohio State, Iowa and Illinois. Promising freshmen Tim McCormick, Dean Hopson and John Antonides join a roster that includes four returning starters, one of whom, Forward Mike McGee, needs 458 points to break Cazzie Russell's school scoring record. Another plus: Bill Frieder, a master strategist for seven seasons as Johnny Orr's assistant, is the new coach.

Sophomore Randy Breuer, freshman Jim Peterson and junior-college transfer John Wiley overshadow—and at 7' 2", 6' 10" and 6' 7", respectively, their shadows are long indeed—the loss of Minnesota's star Center Kevin McHale. If Coach Jim Dutcher finds comparable strength in his backcourt, the 1980-81 Gophers could surpass last season's team, which went 21-11 and finished second in the NIT. Purdue is without last season's star, Joe Barry Carroll, but new Coach Gene Keady has added the best high school big man in Chicago, 6' 10" Russell Cross.

In the Southeastern Conference only Georgia figures to threaten Kentucky and LSU. The Bulldogs, who start two freshmen, two sophomores and a junior and lack a good center, are just puppies, really. But if they get the expected performances from Forward Dominique Wilkins and Guard Eric (Sky Dog) Marbury, they'll have plenty of bite. Alabama also seems destined for a winning conference record, with four starters back and a new coach, Wimp Sanderson, who doesn't deserve all the jokes about his name.

Lee Rose, who took Sun Belt Conference member UNC Charlotte and then Purdue to the NCAA final four, returns

to the Sun Belt, at South Florida. Rose, a big winner elsewhere, should be a big loser this season, but a reported five-year, \$90,000-per-annum contract and the opening of the school's Sun Dome will ease the suffering.

Loyola of Chicago will improve its 19-10 record and win the title in the Midwestern City Conference behind Guard Darius Clemmons, the best all-round player in the league. But the Ramblers will get competition aplenty from Evansville's Purple Aces, whose trump card is a well-scouted freshman, 7' 1" Ernie Turan of Istanbul. "We didn't take him cold turkey," says Coach Dick Walters.

Toledo should surrender the Mid-American crown to either Bowling Green or Northern Illinois. Heading the best Bowling Green team in 18 seasons is Forward Colin Irish, the team's most valuable player as a freshman. Northern Illinois has a wondrous center in MAC Player of the Year Allen Rayhorn.

Murray State took a great leap forward last year from 4-22 to 23-8. In his third season, Coach Ron Greene might do even better, because he has Lamont Sleet, a 5' 10" court magician who dunks with the best. Only Western Kentucky, under new Coach Clem Haskins, can bring Sleet—and Murray State—back to earth.

Hank Raymonds overcame a poor recruiting year and injuries to two starters to coach Marquette to an NCAA bid and 18 wins. Now that Forward Oliver Lee and Center Dean Marquardt are healthy and the squad is so deep that blue-chip freshman Guard Glenn Rivers will have to come off the bench, 20 victories should be a cinch. Led by Guard Frank Edwards, a 25.5-point scorer last year, Cleveland State is expecting its first 20-win season.

East

North Carolina is counting on two freshmen, three screws and a rod. No one would be able to avenge yearlings Sam Perkins and Matt Doherty better than Coach Dean Smith will, but UNC's fortunes may hinge on the hardware holding together Forward James Worthy's right ankle. Worthy was playing very well when he broke it last season; this preseason he'd practice for two days and then join the other inform Tar Heels—Center Pete Budko and Guard Jimmy Black—on the sidelines for the third. Call them the Achilles' Heels.

For fans used to simple names like (Norm) Sloan and (Bill) Foster, the new coaches in Raleigh and Durham sound downright newfangled. Jim Valvano (that's val-VAN-o) comes to North Carolina State from Iona, Mike Krzyzewski (kruh-SHEEF-skee) to Duke via Army, and both are outgoing, big-city types. The Wolfpack will have some depth but no stars; the Blue Devils a star in Forward Gene Banks but little depth. Wake Forest could outstrip both of these perennial powers. A Deacon frontcourt worth almost 37 points a game is back, and a welcome addition is the cool-headedness of Guard Frank Johnson, whose injured left foot kept him out of action all last season when Wake lost five conference games by a total of 19 points.

"Loaded?" quips a Rutgers assistant. "Sure, we start off every morning with Irish coffee." Around the Eastern Eight

continued

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no one else is smiling. When Kelvin Troy, a defensive ace who scored 18.9 points and had 8.3 rebounds per game in 1979-80, teams with 6' 7" former Kentucky Wildcat Clarence Tillman, who'll be eligible Dec. 20, Rutgers may do more than just stagger to the league title. Syracuse gets back the made-for-each-other backcourt of Eddie (DI Moss and Marty (OI) Headd for its first season in the cavernous Carrier Dome. But without aircraft carrier Roosevelt Bouie patrolling the middle, the Orangemen will be pushed by Big East rival Connecticut. Like Rutgers, UConn picked up a disaffected Kentucky player in 6' 11" Chuck Akcinsins. He'll allow 6' 8" Cory Thompson to move to power forward where he belongs. In the ECAC North, Holy Cross has an R. Guerin at guard, Boston University a J. Twyman at forward—they're Richie and Jay, freshman sons of the ex-NBA standouts. Northeastern's blood, though not so blue, is tested: all five starters from the Huskies' 19-8 team return, including a 20.8-scorer in Guard Pete Harris.

Iona's new coach, Pat Kennedy, lost Center Jeff Rutland to the enticements of an agent but inherits recruiting catch Gary Springer and two transfers, 6' 10" Mike Lee and 6' 9" Ted O'Gorman. Wagner comes off a truly Wagnerian season that took the Seahawks from the heights of *Die Meistersinger* (a 7-0 start) to the depths of *Götterdämmerung* (a 7-13 finish). When the curtain goes up, 6' 7" Center Howard Thompkins (18.3 points and 11.3 rebounds per game) will play a leading role again.

St. Joe's will get a challenge from Temple in the ECC if the Owls learn their vowels—nine players were getting private tutoring to remain eligible during the fall—and two recruits manage to shore up a weak bench. In the ECAC South region, Old Dominion loses only one starter from last year's 25-5 NCAA tourney team, with Forward Ronnie McAdoo the reigning Monarch. Among the Ivies, look for the resurrection of the Route 1 Axis, as Penn, Princeton and Columbia finish 1-2-3. Those three teams have 14 of 15 starters back, with Penn the deepest. Furman has a good shot at repeating as Southern Conference champions. Coach Eddie Holbrook got new blood up front where he needed it, and his sharpshooting guard, Mel Daniel, should profit from the league's new three-point field-goal rule.

CONTINUED



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Last year when Wil Jones was setting up shop for his first season as coach at the University of the District of Columbia, one of the things he hung on his office wall was a size-18 sneaker. "For us to be successful we have to get the guy who can fill that shoe," he would say. Like every other coach, Jones was looking for the ultimate big man, the Franchise, who, through his scoring, rebounding and intimidation, could make his Firebirds an NCAA Division II national title contender. Now, Jones and UDC may have him. In the most amazing recruiting coup the college game has seen in recent years, the coach persuaded 6' 11", 215-pound Earl Jones (no relation), the most highly publicized high school player in the nation last season, to forsake the glamorous heavyweights of Division I for Division II UDC. Although Earl, who's 19 years old, doesn't quite fit the sneaker his coach had reserved for him—his shoe size is a mere 14—his extraordinary court talents should give fans at the four-year-old school plenty of kicks.

"I don't know how good he's going to be, but if he comes off wrong they'll say I messed him up," Wil says. "The only thing he can do is hurt my reputation." Earl's picture hangs in a special high school exhibit at the Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Mass., and no wonder. In four seasons of high school competition, the first three at tiny (enrollment 450) Mt. Hope (W. Va.) High and last season at Washington's Spingarn High, Earl averaged 28 points, 18 rebounds and 13 blocked shots per game. He has the speed and passing skills that coaches look for in point guards. He has a feathery one-handed touch from long range and can dribble well enough to break a press by himself. "He's so talented it's frightening," says Coach Jerry Tarkanian of Nevada-Las Vegas. Tarkanian might have enjoyed the scare of his life had Earl met the 2.0 cumulative minimum grade-point average required by the NCAA to play major college basketball. Las Vegas and UCLA were the two Division I schools Jones considered most seriously. "If we had him, we'd be the favorite to win the NCAA title," Tarkanian says, "but a lot of schools could say that."

When Earl made the Mt. Hope varsity as a freshman in 1977, he joined a team that was 3-18 the previous season and hadn't made the West Virginia state playoffs since 1927. Over the next three seasons, as Mt. Hope won 63 of 72 games, Earl drew comparisons to Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. But while his reputation grew, so did the pressure on him. Unlike his personality on the court, which is fairly animated, Earl is a shy, reticent young man who is distrustful of strangers. In high school he was overwhelmed by recruiters and reporters who wanted "just a few minutes" of his time. Mt. Hope fans came down on him because of their team's failure to win the state championship. After a while the heat became so intense that Earl began staying away from school.

By the end of his junior year, he had 63 unexcused absences and was failing most of his classes. He also learned that he was to become a father—the child, a girl named Tanisha, is now two. Realizing that the environment of Mt. Hope was becoming intolerable for her son, Margaret Jones



The whole town's talking about the Jones boy and what he'll do for UDC.

A big one who

sent him to Washington, where three of his older sisters live, and temporarily withdrew him from school.

After an absence of 10 days Earl returned to Mt. Hope and took makeup examinations that gave him passing grades in the necessary courses. He also was visited by William (Doc) Robinson, a District of Columbia recreation director and AAU basketball coach. Robinson was aware of the youngster's problems at Mt. Hope and also knew that Earl wouldn't be playing on an AAU team that summer because West Virginia didn't have one in his age bracket.

Robinson's team, which was to play in a National AAU Youth tournament in Jacksonville, Fla., needed a center to fill out an already glittering roster. "One of my players told me that Ralph Sampson was all right but that Earl was better because he passed the ball," says the coach. That was enough for Robinson, who drove the 500 miles to the Jones' house despite Margaret's warning over the phone that Earl would probably refuse to see him. Earl didn't know Robinson was coming, and, sure enough, he stayed in his bedroom when the coach arrived. After an hour of waiting, Robinson's patience wore thin. "At first, he wasn't going to come out, but he came out when I told him I was coming in," Robinson says. Jones finally consented to play for Robinson's team, which came in second in the tournament. Earl and Robinson developed such a close relationship that when Earl returned to Mt. Hope, he told his family he had decided to move to the coach's Washington home and attend nearby Spingarn High, a school with a large, primarily black enrollment. There Earl found the relative obscurity and relaxed atmosphere he needed.

Despite Jones' near-perfect attendance and improving grades during the fall semester at his new school, the Washington Interhigh Coaches Association notified him the day after his first practice with the Spingarn team that he was ineligible until the beginning of the conference season. The reason: poor attendance back at Mt. Hope.

Robinson got a temporary restraining order from the D.C. Circuit Court that allowed Jones to play in the Green Wave's first four non-conference games, but the judge eventually ruled in favor of the suspension. After missing six games, Jones was again allowed to play. Averaging 20.2 points and 17.0 rebounds per game, he led Spingarn to a 26-2 record and a league title, he scored 29 points in a 79-68 victory over DeMatha High for the city championship. Under the strict supervision of Robinson and Spingarn Coach John Wood, Jones also did better in the classroom, but not even his 3.5 average last spring was enough to raise his cumulative average to the acceptable NCAA level.

Earl might have attended prep school or junior college

had he really wanted to go to a major college eventually, but on June 9 he told a press conference he would stay in Washington and play at UDC. "I would've gone there even if I'd got the 2.0," he says. "If I'd gone to Vegas or UCLA I would've had to live up to the play of Kareem or Walton or someone else. I wanted a setting where I wouldn't have to live up to anybody."

By adding Jones to a starting lineup that includes last season's top three scorers, the Firebirds, who were 16-11 in 1979-80, will probably be the best small-college team in the country. "We went from being a good team to being superb in a hurry," says Wil Jones, a man who doesn't mind tossing out superlatives—about either his team or himself. Indeed, Earl may not even lead the team in scoring. That distinction should fall to sophomore Forward Michael Britt. Britt averaged 23.4 points in the 16 games he was able to play last season before an error in his General Equivalency Diploma score forced him to withdraw from school. Now he's back. Muscular 6' 6" Steve Smith, who had 12.7 rebounds a game, fills out the frontcourt. Playmaker Michael (Hawkeye) Daniels teams with sophomore Greg Carson to give the Firebirds a swift, aggressive backcourt. "These kids don't think they can lose," says Wil. Certainly Earl figures how to on the way up. He told *The Washington Star's* Betty Cunbert last week, "All I want is to be a pro and drive an Eldorado."

The Firebirds had better win, because Wil admits he's not very gracious in defeat. "I ain't done much losing. I ain't fooling nobody. Everybody knows how I am," he says. Georgetown Coach John Thompson certainly knows. He remembers Wil as an All-Metropolitan guard at Dunbar High and as an All-America at American University. "He was the Muhammad Ali of basketball," says Thompson. "He was an extremely confident person on the court, and he could be very aggravating, but I like him."

Wil spent 4½ seasons in the NBA, the ABL and the ABA before becoming a high school coach. He later joined Lefty Driesell's staff at Maryland as an assistant coach and chief recruiter, and in the spring of 1979 he took the District of Columbia job. He didn't know it at the time, but when he signed Britt for UDC, he was also laying the groundwork for getting Jones, because the two players became good friends. "You see him, you see me," says Earl, who also took a liking to Wil when he came recruiting. Robinson says he didn't get involved in Earl's recruiting process, but it didn't hurt UDC that he and Wil are old friends. Robinson is now a part-time coach for the Firebirds. "We're not going to sneak up on anyone," says Wil. "But we got the big guy, and we're going to have some fun."

Two of the Firebirds' opponents this season will be in the thick of the Division II championship race: Wright State of Ohio and St. Augustine's of North Carolina, which have four starters back from teams that finished 25-3 and 24-7, respectively. Upsala of New Jersey seems ready to improve on its second-place Division III finish of last season. Cameron of Oklahoma, Wisconsin-Eau Claire and Alabama State will contend for the NAIA title.

by ROGER JACKSON

CONTINUED

thought small

Mostly they just call her Mo, a name easier to yell across a gym floor than the cumbersome "Mary Ostrowski."

"Go for it, Mo!"

"Shoot it, Mo, shoot!"

And so she does, with a practiced no-waste motion. "I can shoot, all right, but I've got to move around much faster," she says. Mo, a 6' 2", 165-pound forward, is also called a phenom. She was the only high school player invited to the final Olympic-team tryout last summer. At West Virginia's Parkersburg Catholic High, she scored 2,337 points over four seasons and survived a Ralph Sampson kind of senior year in which virtually all colleges in the nation begged her to suit up for them. She's got T-shirts from most of

them to prove it. Last March Ostrowski finally said no, thanks to Penn State and Old Dominion, the other two schools in her final three, and decided on the University of Tennessee—or "Transfer U," as it's sometimes called.

In the past, disgusted opponents seethed as Lady Volunteer Coach Pat Head Summitt stocked her teams with players who had switched from other schools. Many of them blossomed into All-Americans. Now, though, with the signing of Mo, three other high school All-Americans and four other freshmen, Head Summitt may finally shed her pawnshop proprietor's reputation.

"The way people talked, they implied I illegally lured players here," she says, without really denying or admitting that she did just that. "But I always believed Tennessee had a good solid program, and with so many freshmen this season, we'll see all the pieces of the puzzle fit together." Jill Rankin, the Lady Vols' All-America of last season, who is now the graduate assistant coach at Tennessee, transferred from Wayland Baptist after her junior year. "I'd played for Pat on the 1979 Pan Am team, and I liked her system—a deliberate, work-your-butt-off style that produces winners," Rankin says. "I came here mainly because I saw it as a way to develop my entire game. When the Wayland coach quit before my senior year, I knew I'd be better off here."

Because this season's Tennessee team includes just a pair of transfers, seniors Susan Foulds from Virginia's George Mason University and Cindy Noble from Ohio State, Head Summitt has reason to hope all the sniping will come to a halt. "True, we've been fortunate enough to get some really talented transfers," she says, "but I've always been against the transfer rule in principle. I'd like to see a waiting period before a girl can start playing for the new school." Unlike the NCAA, which requires a male athlete to sit out a season upon transferring, the AIAW permits a female athlete to suit up as soon as she enrolls in a different college. But, in practice, Head Summitt also sees no reason to "punish" an athlete, as she puts it, for choosing the wrong program. "Some athletes are ill-advised and can wind up at schools where they're not going to be happy," she says. "If someone is not aware of our program at the time she graduates from high school and then later finds she'd like to come here, why should she have to suffer?"

Head Summitt knew that someday she'd be recruiting Ostrowski even before Mo entered high school. Four summers ago, the coach was attending a basketball camp in Fort Worth, when she spotted Mo shooting buckets in one corner of the TCU gym. "I thought she was a college player," Head Summitt says. "When I found out she'd soon begin her freshman year in high school, I knew that in four years she'd be the most highly recruited kid in the country. After working with her a bit during that camp, I recognized a really intelligent, thinking player." And, according to Head Summitt, Ostrowski's court sense still belies her age. "She constantly reads the defense," says the coach. "Mo carries herself well and has confidence. I think she's a combination of a natural athlete, because she does have some natural ability, and a self-made one, because she's always been willing to put in hours perfecting her game."

Later this fall, Ostrowski could be found working out on

continued

Vols' version of the Big O

by KATHY BLUMENSTOCK



Determined effort is just one life reason that Ostrowski is outstanding

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the Tennessee track three times a week, trying to develop the speed she feels will strengthen her game. First she does stretching exercises, then stiff-legged jumps, then wind sprints. "I can see my stride lengthening already," she says. A quick shower and Ostrowski heads to the weight room for her daily Universal Gym workout. All of the Lady Vols follow individually prescribed weight-training programs, most of them concentrating on leg and shoulder strengthening exercises.

An hour before practice, Head Summitt calls the players in to look at color films of the previous day's workout. They groan as their coach points out their mistakes. "Your effort here is pitiful," Head Summitt tells one. "You're slow here, just a little bit slow," she says to Ostrowski. There are giggles and quiet gibes, but Mo is silent, absorbing details for future reference. Once in the gym, Ostrowski works hard: while other players take a water break, she picks up a ball to practice her hook shot. "She's got an ambidextrous hook," says a teammate. "Mo will fake the defense into committing itself to her right, and then she'll whip one in with her left."

Head Summitt is counting on Ostrowski and her two-way hook to get the Lady Vols just one game further than they went last season, when Tennessee was ousted by Old Dominion in the AIAW finals. But the Lady Volunteers' chances of getting that far will be enhanced if Ostrowski improves her speed. She has agility aplenty, but, as she says, "Sometimes I take too long to move." Those training sessions with the Tennessee track coach—Ostrowski calls them "Remedial Running 101"—are gradually providing added quickness, but she's impatient. "I need to be faster now," she says.

Ostrowski's total absorption with basketball leaves her scant time for much else. Sure, she goes to class—she plans to major in physical education—but book learning usually takes a backseat to ball playing. One afternoon after a tennis class, her fashionably crinkled hair still dripping from a recent shower, Ostrowski lamented, "I'm living in sweats. I never get to wear regular clothes anymore." And don't bother to ask if she has any hobbies. "Oh, I like to cook, if ever I get a chance," she says. It might be better if she never gets an opportunity, according to a teammate, who says, "She can't cook. Once she made pancakes that were supposed to come out really thin. They were an inch thick."

Even so, the Lady Vols should be cooking all the way to No. 1 this year. The other high school All-Americans in Head Summitt's stable are Guard Pat Hasmaker, Guard Mina Todd and Forward Tanya Haave, who also plays volleyball for Tennessee. Ostrowski is the only freshman who will crack the starting lineup, which includes Noble at center, Debbie Groover at forward and 5' 4 1/2" "Little Lea" Henry at guard. Susan Clower will line up beside Henry, who, like Ostrowski, spent her summer playing on a U.S.

team that participated in a tournament in Taiwan.

Two-time defending champion Old Dominion has some spots to fill, what with losing Nancy What's Her Name and Center Inge Nissen to graduation. But the Lady Monarchs still have 6' 8" Anne Donovan, who scored 17 points a game last season as a freshman. And 6' 5" freshman Janet Davis from Alta Loma, Calif., provides some size up front. To win three titles in a row, however, Davis and ODU's yearlings must develop in a hurry, because Forward Jan Trombly, a senior, who suffered a knee injury last season, may be slow coming back to the lineup.

Rutgers, 28-5 in 1979-80, has seven players back plus a newcomer, Guard Lorrie Lawrence, whom Coach Theresa Shank Grentz calls the finest recruit around. Lawrence, from Morristown, N.J., was not heralded nationally, but she's a superquick ball handler who should build a big reputation fast. The Lady Knights also have 6' 4" Center Kris Kirchner, a transfer from Maryland.

Louisiana Tech has every starter back from the only team that beat Old Dominion last season, while at Kansas Lynette Woodard hopes to become a four-time All-Americans. Last year she had averages of 23.8 points and 10.5 rebounds and paced the Jayhawks to a 25-8 record. Woodard will get plenty of help: 5' 11" senior Forward Shebra Legrant averaged 15.7 points a game and the freshman contingent includes high school All-Americans Mary Myers and Tracy Claxton. At Southern Cal, Coach Linda Sharp will be seeing double on the Trojans' fast break. Identical twins Pam and Paula McGee led their Flint (Mich.) Northern High team to a pair (what else?) of unbeaten seasons. They could take USC to its second-ever post-season tournament.

South Carolina is high on 6' 6" Phyllis Allen, a freshman who averaged 26 points and 19 rebounds as a senior at Florida's Okeechobee High.

Penn State's new coach, Rene Portland, claims she's going to turn the school into "the Eastern capital of women's basketball," which is what a lot of people thought Old Dominion was. To help do the job, the Lady Lions have 6' 3" Mary Donovan and Guard Corinne Gulias returning to the lineup. Gulias' twin sister, Chris, is recovering from knee surgery and should be available in January.

Long Beach State imported senior Forward Sharon Carroll (22.7 points and 14.7 rebounds per game) from the University of Illinois and picked up 6' 4" freshman Center Nina Leonard from Chicago to add size to the front line. LaTanya Pollard, a sophomore guard, led the 49ers in scoring last year with 19.4 points a game. UCLA's 6' 1" senior Denise Curry has scored 2,268 points in her career, an average of 28.6. Jeanne Benayure is also back for the Bruins, and Cheryl Kelsey, the 5' 9" high school Player of the Year from Vancouver, British Columbia, is one of six freshmen who could help get UCLA back near the top.





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Quaz time: Far above Cayuga's waters in central New York, what's the news of the hour?

1) Apple cider is now selling for 70¢ a gallon.

2) The Cayuga Indians are campaigning for the return of land they say their ancestors turned over to the state in violation of the Federal Non-intercourse Act of 1790.

3) In Cornell's traditional game with Penn on Saturday, the Big Red beat the Quakers 31-9.

4) None of the above.

You may be *suntia cum laude* ma-

terial if you picked No. 4. The big story in Cayugaland is that Ithaca's "other" school, Ithaca College, routed Wagner College of Staten Island, N.Y. 41-13 last week in the first round of the NCAA Division III playoffs. What's more, Ithaca's Bombers are favored to beat Minnesota-Morris in Saturday's semifinals and, on Dec. 6, to repeat as the Division III national champions.

The predominant bumper sticker in the area says ITHACA IS GORGES. For Ithaca College and Cornell, it's fair to say that deep gorges make good neighbors. The teams have never played each other.

fessional wrestler Bob (Gorilla Monsoon) Marella.

Now the town is trying to get a step-over toehold on the fact that it has a winner, indeed, a champion, even though Cornell hasn't won an Ivy title since 1971, when it shared the championship with Dartmouth. Says Bomber Linebacker Bill Rosecrans, "I know it's like comparing apples and oranges and all that, but we've beaten a few Division II teams while I've been here. I have to think we'd give Cornell a good game. To tell you the truth, I think we could beat them."

Why such confidence? A 17-game winning streak doesn't hurt. Outscoring opponents 591-183 doesn't either. And last week's victory over once-beaten Wagner is the biggest reason of all. The Bombers had to come back from a 13-10 halftime deficit, but they did so convincingly. Ithaca went ahead on a one-yard run by Bob Ferrigno and put the game away with three more touchdowns and a safety.

A year ago there was less optimism. The Bombers made the playoffs despite two losses (to Division II teams), but on the eve of Ithaca's departure for Dubuque, last year's first-round opponent, Butterfield learned that his brother Jack, a vice-president of the New York Yankees, had been killed in an auto accident. Butterfield's family persuaded him that his brother would have wanted him to go on with his team, and he did. The Bombers defeated Dubuque 27-7 and then beat Carnegie-Mellon and Wittenberg, the latter in the title game (known as the Amos Alonzo Stagg Bowl) in Phenix City, Ala. After that game, everyone on the team was thrown into the chilly motel pool—everyone, that is, except Butterfield. "I have been in some extremely cold water in my time," he said, having been a guard at Maine when Bob Hollway, now defensive coach of the Minnesota Vikings, and Coach Tubby Raymond of the University of Delaware, were assistants, "but not as a 52-year-old man. When all that started developing, I locked my wife and myself in my room and wouldn't open it for anybody."

Wet or dry, the victory over Wittenberg

continued

In this town, No. 1 is No. 2

Ithaca College, the defending Division III champ, is still second banana to Cornell

although they used to scrimmage in pre-season. That ended in 1977 because Cornell had been getting the worst of it and the workouts became too rough. "exactly what you don't want a scrimmage to be," says Ithaca's coach, Jim Butterfield.

Ithaca was founded in 1892, 27 years after Cornell, as a conservatory of music, and while Cornell has always had its stately perch far above you know what, the Ithaca College campus was scattered above downtown shops until the mid-'60s.

The ground on which the present campus is situated once served as an encampment for the Cayugas. It was purchased during the administration of Leonard Job, Ithaca's president from 1932 to '57. Job not only designed the school's football field himself, but leveled it as well from his seat on a bulldozer.

While Cornell football dates back to 1887 and boasts Coaches Glenn (Pop) Warner, Gloomy Gil Dobie and Carl Snavely, the Bombers didn't play an intercollegiate game until 1930. The most renowned Ithaca alumnus—athletically, at least—may be pro-

Ferrigno's touchdown put the Bombers ahead

"You know you have to exercise. But unless it's fun, you know you won't."

Johnny Rutherford



(A lot of us drive to work. But for Johnny Rutherford, driving is his work—at speeds over 200 miles an hour. In his 20 years of racing, he has won the Indianapolis 500 twice, was United States Auto Club National Sprint Car Champion, and has been named USAC Driver of the Year.)

Q. Then pushups really aren't your speed?

A. No way. Pushups, sit-ups, knee bends—they may build me up, but they bore me to tears. I do them to help build the stamina I need for auto racing, but I have to force myself. I'd much rather do something I can get my head into as well as my body.

Q. What exactly is your idea of exercise that's fun?

A. Any recreation that's a challenge, not a ritual. I happen to like bowling, swimming, skiing and golf because they absorb me and demand my attention. I can really get into them and enjoy them. And I particularly like sports where the idea is winning.

Q. So you're as competitive off the racetrack as on it?

A. I sure am. Although on the bowling lanes you'd have to label me a rookie. But that's one neat

thing about bowling. You don't have to be a pro. You can get a group together and go have fun and hoot and holler and the one who knocks down the most pins is the winner. And you can do it anywhere, any weather, any season.

Q. Are you ever tempted to just lie back and do nothing?

A. You bet. Especially the older I get. But none of us can afford to. Before you know it, you're short of breath, overweight, and out of shape. I simply can't let down. My life depends on keeping fit. So does yours.

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berg made Ithaca the biggest fish in its small pond. How small? So small that the Alabama-Auburn game, played simultaneously some 130 miles away, drew a crowd about 10 times the size of the one in Phenix City. And so small that the cost of a set of championship rings (around \$7,000 from Ithaca's share of the profits from the gate of the post-season games) equaled about a sixth of the team's operating budget for the season.

The championship rings were classy enough, with names, numbers and positions engraved. Nevertheless, Ferrigno had two diamonds mounted on his. "They could tell the metal wasn't silver, but an alloy when they drilled," he said, "because it chipped a little, but I wear it everywhere anyway."

Ferrigno is a low-to-the-ground (5' 10", 200 pounds) runner timed at 4.69 in the 40. Having averaged more than 130 yards rushing a game and scored 16 touchdowns in the regular season, he's also the Bombers' biggest star. At John Glenn High in Huntington on Long Island, both his head coach and an assistant were Ithaca alumni, and he warmed even more to the place when he met Butterfield at a sports banquet. He liked the way Butterfield talked. "No, not so much

what he said, but his accent, you know. Sometimes it looks as though he's talking out the side of his mouth."

Not long ago, Ferrigno sat at a table at The Ground Round, a restaurant in the Ithaca Commons, discussing the season. "Every team we've played this year has been sky-high for us," he said. "You always hear the good hits on the opening kickoff and all that, but then we always score the first time we have the ball and the other team kind of loses some of its enthusiasm."

One of the reasons for the effectiveness of the offense is that Ithaca calls many of its plays on the line. "We do it constantly," says Quarterback Tim Connolly, "because everybody is always cooking up something new just for us. It got to be dumb to call anything but the formation and the count in the huddle, since we'd just have to change it when we saw how the defense was aligned." The system obviously works: Ithaca had 406.6-yard and 38-points-a-game averages for the regular season.

"I know we win a lot of games because of the automatics, and the game by the front works," says Ferrigno. "They communicate really well, and they've got a different scheme for whatever they see."

On an average practice day, Butterfield will spend a half hour or more with the line, going over blocking assignments on the combinations and permutations of the automatic calls. Depending on the situation, even the count of the snap changes with the audible.

"The system itself isn't so complex," he says. "It's just that every man has to be aware of all the options open to him so he can recognize what he's doing when he hears the play called." It should be no surprise that no freshman has started for Ithaca's varsity in three years, during which the team has gone 31-4.

At The Ground Round, Ferrigno is getting the last drops of his Coke from a glass as the ice cubes fall toward his face. At the next table, four Cornell students in crew-neck sweaters, khakis and Top Siders are discussing world affairs. "I'd kind of like to have a tryout in the pros," Ferrigno says, "but it's not a big deal to me. It's not something I think about. I might be able to get a sales job with a firm my brother works for in New York ... but right now I'm just concerned about the next game. I'm not looking past it. And I'm hoping that maybe this year they'll get us gold rings."

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTH Several weeks ago, Clemson Strong Safety Willie Underwood and Linebacker Jeff Davis came up with the colorful idea of having the Tigers wear orange uniform pants for their shootout against intrastate rival South Carolina. Clemson Coach Durrey Ford listened to the suggestion but kept mum. Then, at the team breakfast last Saturday, he spoke up: the Tigers would, indeed, wear orange pants for the first time ever, along with their home orange jerseys. Despite the running of George Rogers, who ripped off 168 yards and regained the lead as the nation's No. 1 rusher with a 161.9 average, South Carolina was limited to a pair of field goals, and orange power prevailed. The Gamecock three-pointers were locked by Eddie Leppard, giving him a school record of 11 in a row. Obed Arlin of Clemson matched those two kicks to set an NCAA single-season record of 23. With the score 6-6 in the third period, Underwood set up a touchdown by returning an interception 64 yards. He picked off another pass a minute later and ran it back 37 yards for six more points as Clemson pulled off a 27-6 upset. "The uniforms helped me up," Underwood said.

Something vastly different was motivating Maryland's three-peat series in the Washington Post (Oct. 30-Nov. 1) that said the Terp football program had leveled off and that the team was incapable of winning important games. Understandably, those articles irked the Terps. Since the *Post* stories appeared, Maryland has won three straight and outscored the opposition 89-7. The Terrapins topped off the surge last week by drubbing Virginia 31-0 in an ACC game, as Charlie Wysocki rushed for 148 yards. In contrast, Cavalier runners set a team record for futility with minus 17 yards in 27 carries.

With Ames Lawrence breaking loose for 120 of his 143 yards in the first half and with Kelvin Bryant gaining 164 of his 199 in the second half, North Carolina locked up first place in the ACC by defeating Duke 44-21. Lawrence scored on a 56-yard scamper and ended the season with 1,118 yards, tying Tony Dorsett's record of having run for 1,000 or more yards in each of four straight years. Bryant, a sophomore who scored twice, closed out with 1,039, and so the Tar Heels became the 11th NCAA team to have two ballcarriers with 1,000 yards in the same season.

North Carolina State got 176 yards rushing from Wayne McLean, overcame a 14-10 halftime deficit and beat East Carolina 36-14. In another non-conference game, Jay Venuto passed for 226 yards and threw two touchdown passes to Kenny Duckett as Wake



Last year Butterfield declined to get in the swim

Forest upended Appalachian State 28-16.

With a 19-14 Southeastern Conference victory over Mississippi, Mississippi State wound up 9-2, its best record since 1940. The Bulldogs, down 14-13 in the fourth quarter, pulled the game out when Michael Had-dix scored on a 10-yard run that was set up by John Bond's 54-yard pass to Glen Young.

In a matchup for the Southland Conference title and a berth in the Independence Bowl, McNeese State beat Southwestern Louisiana 14-0. The Ragin' Cajons, who had been averaging 339.5 yards a game, were held to 164 and never caught up after Stephan Starring put the Cowboys on top with a 27-yard pass to Mike Kysar. Southern Mississippi is also headed for the Independence Bowl despite a rain-drenched 6-3 loss to Louisville. That upset occurred when Dave Betz booted his second field goal of the night, a 38-yarder, with 1:54 remaining.

Miami earned its first postseason invitation in 13 years—to the Peach Bowl to face Virginia Tech. A team-record four field goals by Dan Miller led the Hurricanes to a 26-8 win over North Texas State, which was playing its ninth away game of the year.

Tennessee State's Joe (747) Adams passed for four touchdowns in his final college game, a 38-13 victory over Kentucky State. Adams thus extended his Division I-A record for career touchdown passes to 81.

Barry Redden became the first Richmond runner to gain 1,000 yards in a season, bringing his total to 1,151 by getting 191 yards in a 26-14 defeat of William & Mary. Swamp Mitchell's 149 yards on the ground, however, couldn't keep The Citadel from falling 28-15 to the Southern Conference's champion, Furman. Mitchell became the 12th NCAA runner to reach the 4,000-yard plateau, wrapping up his collegiate career with a total of 4,062. Leading Furman to victory were Tim Sorrells, who passed for 195 yards, and Mike Glenn, who ran for 100.

Western Kentucky, which had the only perfect record in Division I-AA, won the coin toss before the Murray State game. From there on, it was all downhill. Western Coach Jimmy Felt had so little respect for Murray's offense that he had his team elect to kick off, hoping to benefit from a moderate tailwind. "The next time I looked up it was 35 to nothing," said Felix, who was on the short end of that startling score. The Racers widened the final margin to 49-0 as Lindsey Hudspeh ran for 150 yards and four touchdowns, and Gino Gibbs passed for 160 yards and three scores.

GEORGIA(10-0)

FLORIDA STATE(9-1) ALABAMA(8-2)

MIDWEST "We want to go to Miami (to the Orange Bowl) and eat stone crabs and send Nebraska to El Paso (to the Sun Bowl) to eat tamales," said Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer before

continued



"I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT EVERYONE ELSE IS DRINKING THESE DAYS"

Sure, in school I drank beer. Because everyone else drank beer. Crushing the cans was real important, too. And then there was what I call my "wine phase." You know, wine with everything. And everyone.

The funny thing is, there are still people out there who order what everyone else orders. That's fine with me...but I'll have an I.W. Harper. Because the only "smart" thing to order is what you like.

So, like I said, I have no idea what everyone's drinking these days. Except me and a few friends.



I.W. HARPER.
WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE.

playing the Cornhuskers in Lincoln. Since the end of World War II, the winner of the Sooner-Husker showdown has won or shared the Big Eight title 34 of 36 times. Nebraska seemed Miami-bound when Jeff Quinn sneaked in from the one for a 17-14 Husker lead with 3:16 left. But the Sooners were 80 yards in seven plays, freshman Buster Rhymes streaking 43 yards on one gallop and then crashing over from the one four plays later. That gave Oklahoma a 21-17 victory, its ninth in the past 10 games in the series. It also negated the running of Jarvis Redwine of the Huskers, who scored on an 89-yard burst and had 152 yards altogether. But—hold your score cards and tamales—Orange Bowl officials had stated earlier that the Sooners would get their bid only if they beat Nebraska and won their season-render this week against Oklahoma State.

There was no doubt about who would represent the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl, for the fourth time in five years it will be Michigan. A 13-yard pass from John Wampler to Anthony Carter on a third-and-11 play in the third period resulted in the decisive score in the Wolverines' 9-3 victory at Ohio State. Third-down plays were pivotal, Michigan succeeding on 10 of 20, the Buckeyes on only four of 17. Vital, too, were the runs of Butch Woolfolk of the Wolverines, who gained 141 yards. And the Michigan defense, which now hasn't yielded a touchdown in 18 quarters and allowed Ohio State just 123 yards rushing.

Mark Herriman completed 19 of 23 passes for 323 yards and one touchdown as Purdue nosed out Indiana 24-23. Lonnie Johnson kept the Hoosiers in contention, running for 220 yards, and Steve Cosco caught Tim Clifford's seven-yard scoring pass with 17 seconds to go, cutting the Boilermaker lead to one point. That's how it wound up as Mike Marks broke up a pass on a two-point try.

Air Force, which will have traveled farther than any team this season—24,372 miles—came up short at Notre Dame. After the Falcons had held the Irish to a surprising 3-3 halftime standoff, Notre Dame used grind-it-out tactics to win 24-10. Phil Carter put the Irish ahead for keeps with a two-yard run that concluded a 76-yard march during which he earned 13 times for 71 yards. A one-yard plunge by Charles Heath of Air Force late in the game ended a Notre Dame-record string of 23 periods without giving up a touchdown.

NOTRE DAME (9-0-1)

OKLAHOMA (8-2) MICHIGAN (9-2)

EAST

Unfortunately for West Virginia, its Luck—Quarterback David Luck, that is—didn't last. Luck, who had thrown a five-yard touchdown pass against Syracuse, was knocked out of commission with a separated shoulder late in the second period with the Mountaineers trailing 10-7. From there on, the Orangemen were in con-

trol, intercepting four passes as they won 20-7. Syracuse, too, had to make do without a key player. Joe Morris, the school's all-time leading rusher, missed the game because of an injury. Taking his place at halfback was Glenn Moore, a freshman. Moore, wearing the number—44—that once belonged to Dringee All-American Jim Brown, Ernie Davis and Floyd Little, ran for 192 yards. His running mate, Ken Mandeville, added 120 yards.

Yale clinched its second straight Ivy League title by beating Harvard 14-0. Princeton, with Mark Lockenmeyer passing for three TDs and running for a fourth, edged Dartmouth 27-24. Easier times were had by Cornell, a 31-9 victor over Penn., and by Brown, which defeated Columbia 31-13.

In the football series that has encompassed the greatest number of games, Lehigh allowed Lafayette just 12 yards in total offense in the first half and went on to win 32-0 in the 116th meeting of the teams. The Engineers thus finished as Division I-AA's only unbeaten team.

PITT (9-1)

PENN STATE (9-1) NAVY (7-3)

SOUTHWEST

SMU Quarterback Mike Ford is a man who has had his troubles. He missed most of last season because of a knee injury and had been benched for four games this season because he hadn't been nearly as effective as he had in a freshman and sophomore. But when he took over against Arkansas for Lance McIlhenny, a freshman who had taken his starting job but who had been sidelined by a crumpling tackle, Ford got a standing ovation. And when he left late in the game he got another standing O, one he had earned by directing four TD drives during the Mustangs' 31-7 victory. A school record was set when three SMU players each gained more than 100 yards: Eric Dickerson had 107, Craig James added 102 and Flanker Mitchell Bennett had 106 on only three plays, all end-arounds.

Baylor also stuck mainly to the ground—Derrus Gentry sloshed through the run for 130 yards and scored on puddle-splashes of 64 and 16 yards, and Walter Abercrombie rumbled for 109 yards—in a 16-0 defeat of Texas. That shutout, the first by the Bears over the Longhorns since 1939, enabled Baylor to become the first private school to have a perfect record in Southwest Conference play since Rice in 1949. Terry Elston passed for two touchdowns and ran for another pair as Houston defeated Texas Tech 34-7, and Texas A&M downed Texas Christian 13-10.

BAYLOR (10-1)

SMU (8-3) TEXAS (7-3)

WEST

Tom Flick of Washington was intercepted twice early on as Washington State zipped to a quick 14-0 lead. But the Huskie quarterback rallied his team

to a 30-23 Pac-10 victory by completing 20 of 32 passes for 311 yards and three touchdowns. That offset the efforts of Quarterback Samson Samson of the Cougars, who ran 33 and five yards for State's first two scores and passed 33 yards for a third.

For the first time in five years, UCLA earned the right to change the colors of the L.A. Coliseum's Victory Bell from cadet and gold to blue and gold, coming from behind three times to beat Southern Cal 20-17. Freeman McNeil of the Bruins, who outrushed USC's Marcus Allen 111 yards to 72, got the decisive points when a 58-yard bomb by Jay Schroeder glanced off a Trojan defender's fingers and into McNeil's hands with 2:07 remaining in the game.

Stanford, which had been hoping for a Pench Bowl offer, was shocked by California 28-23. Cal kept as many as eight men back to try to thwart the passing of John Elway, who nevertheless hit on 27 of 44 attempts for 252 yards and ran for 74 yards. Elway's 326 yards surpassed Cal's 275 yards of total offense, but the Golden Bears won when J Torchio bootlegged the ball three yards into the end zone with 4:37 to go.

Like Elway, junior Gerald Willhite of San Jose State labored in vain. Willhite, the second player ever to catch 50 passes and run for 1,000 yards in the same season, increased his reception total to 55 with two grabs and his rushing yardage to 1,210 as he ran for 39 yards in a 44-38 loss to Utah State.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: John Bond, a freshman signal-caller, excelled as Mississippi State beat Mississippi 19-14. His 163 yards rushing included a 57-yard touchdown run, and he completed eight of 14 passes for another 151 yards.

DEFENSE: Strong Safety Willie Underwood, in his 47th and last start for Clemson, made his first two interceptions ever, returned them 101 yards—one for a TD—and took part in 17 tackles in a 27-6 upset of South Carolina.

Brigham Young didn't waste Jim McMahon's lofty numbers, winning the WAC title by zapping Utah 56-6. McMahon passed for 399 yards and three scores, completing 21 of 34. He wound up with three NCAA season records: 42 TD passes and the 46 touchdowns and 278 points he accounted for.

Neil Lomax of Portland State uprooted two of his records during a 75-0 rout of Weber State, which had been yielding an average of 26.2 points a game. By passing for five touchdowns and 474 yards as he made good on 32 of 55 tosses, Lomax brought his career figures up to 106 TD throws and 13,220 yards.

WASHINGTON (9-2)

UCLA (8-2) BYU (10-1)

CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



Camel Lights
Low tar. Camel taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



A detailed view of the interior of a Datsun 280-ZX, showing the dashboard with multiple analog gauges, a three-spoke steering wheel, and bucket seats with integrated headrests. The car is finished in a light tan or beige color.

NEW DATSUN 280-ZX. LUXURY IN THE FAST LANE.

Remember yesterday's image of a sports car? It had to be as noisy as a foundry. Ride like a rock. And be as spartan as a monk's cell.

Well, the Datsun 280-ZX has turned it all around. Up above you see its lavishly appointed interior. Every luxury has been well attended: from power windows to climate-control air conditioning. And for the first time, an optional T-bar roof is available on the roomy 2+2. Even long-time owners of Cadillacs and Mercedes have seen the wisdom of opting for a sleek new Z-Car. It gives them all the luxury

they're accustomed to, plus the mileage and range they need today.

This year's 280-ZX boasts a 10% increase in horsepower, just for the thrill of it. Yet this fuel-injected, 6 cylinder OHC powerhouse delivers [21] EPA-estimated mpg, 32 estimated highway miles with 5-speed transmission. Based on these figures, an estimated MPG range of [44] miles and a highway range of 675 miles await you. Use estimated MPG for comparison only. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Highway mileage will probably be lower. California highway estimates are slightly less.

Buy or lease one today. And get to know what AWESOME!s. The Datsun 280-ZX is another example of superior workmanship from Nissan Motor Co., Ltd., a worldwide company whose name stands for quality.



A red Datsun 280-ZX driving on a road, with a driver and a passenger visible through the windshield. The car is shown from a front-three-quarter perspective.

DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN

The violence in *Raging Bull* is ghostly and overdone. A nose crunches, broken for us to hear close up; copious amounts of blood gush out of orifices and gashes, drenching the ringside swells. To what purpose? There are, it seems to me, three possible motives for such displays of brutality. First, the obvious one: to exploit the worst in boxing and in us. Second, the reverse: to expose this barbaric exercise, drum up the reformers and hasten its abolition from the 20th century. Or third—as a dramatic device to inform us about the characters.

Alas, in *Raging Bull*, the spectacle of exaggerated violence is put to no use whatsoever. It is introduced in the same way the director of a skin flick every so often tosses in another bedroom adventure just because it's a skin flick. To me, that is asequal, just as *Raging Bull* is, ultimately, a-athletic, and a-moral as well. This is the story of a boxer, Jake LaMotta—but what is he to boxing or boxing to him? About all the film tells us about LaMotta the middleweight is that, given his druthers, he would rather not give up sex and food before a fight. LaMotta might just as well be a bus driver.

As a man, he is revealed as scum. No one ever disputes this, including LaMotta himself, who served as technical adviser for the film. But then, none of the characters around him possesses redeeming qualities, either. As a consequence, nothing changes and the film—like a lopsided fight—could be stopped at any point without altering the outcome.

Yet what an extraordinary piece of work is *Raging Bull*. Has any movie ever so utterly lacked soul and yet been so rewarding? The texture of the script (by Paul Schrader and Mark Martin) is never creased. The language is so uncannily correct that no matter how filthy the dialogue, it's never profane in spirit.

The music—often dreamy, classical works played during the most brutal ring action—is elegantly jarring. The photography is black and white. There are camera tactics that toy with affectation, yet never do they cross the line. The dress—especially that of the men—is perfectly ugly, like the language. It is as if someone from wardrobe went to exactly the right hand-me-down shop to get a bunch of the clothes that Bronx Italians would have worn in the 1940s; everybody in the film dresses just so, in character.

The acting is exquisite. Vickie LaMotta, the misus, portrayed by a beautiful novice, Cathy Moriarty, is played so finely and effortlessly that either she is an absolute natural or is taking Meryl Streep pills. Joe Pesci, as LaMotta's brother Joey, is the single most appealing character, semi-scum, always with-



in himself. Best of all, in a smaller role, is Nicholas Colasanto as the fixer. No actor has ever made so much of that stock figure, the small-time hood.

One can indeed say Robert DeNiro is Jake LaMotta. A less masterful job of acting might have obliged the director, Martin Scorsese, to make more of the character's conflicts. The prime example: the heart of the film is LaMotta's obsession that his gorgeous Vickie is cheating on him. He bores us and aggravates us with this, at last makes us detest him. During this same period, LaMotta is gypped out of his rightful shot at the middleweight title, for almost a full decade he awaits his fair due. But, unaccountably, references to this fact are underplayed in the film, and the chance to build up sympathy for a wronged man and perhaps account for his domestic paranoia is lost.

Why Scorsese wanted to saddle himself with a film portraying a despicable human is all the more baffling because the director's other instincts are so correct. Scorsese's touches are everywhere. What this man does with kitchens! There was an America that existed in kitchens, that dealt with life from out of loathens. Scorsese has that down pat, and he doesn't need authentic costumes and oldies-but-goodies playing in the background to pull it off. He also has grasped the precise pecking order of that world: how people confronted one another, how they talked, when they backed off, where they stood.

It is no mean accomplishment to capture interrelationships of a lost subculture, but unfortunately, Jake the person never gets off the dime. So while Scorsese's film is an achievement, it could've been much more. Understand, *Raging Bull* doesn't lose. It just never gets the shot it deserves at the championship. It remains a glorious contender.

END

'RAGING BULL': ALMOST A CHAMPEEN

The Gospel



According to John

Georgetown basketball was white and wan before John Thompson came in to recruit blacks and to preach discipline and education

by **BIL GILBERT**



At almost any given time, a surprising number of colleges that consider themselves intercollegiate sporting powers are engaged in an exercise known as "turning the program around." Either a team hasn't been winning or it hasn't been winning as often as the college authorities feel is necessary and good. Standards may vary, but a turned-around program generally is one that produces teams that are listed in the Top 20, get on national TV, are invited to postseason bowls and tournaments and have athletes who make All-America and become high pro draft picks.

Getting turned around is easy to propose, difficult to achieve. Some schools try outright cheating. Others don't cheat but do go for all-out, high-pressure recruiting. And some simply drop the entire problem into the lap of a special individual—an Al McGuire at Marquette, a Lefty Driesell, when he was at Davidson—and depend on his talent and genius to work a miracle. By intimidation, persuasion, wit, affection or psychic powers, such a man attracts top athletes and then elevates them to heights of confidence and performance, year after year.

A vivid example of this approach is currently on exhibition at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., where in recent years the basketball program has achieved a seemingly miraculous turnaround. The miracle worker is named John Thompson, and what he has done can be impressively documented. For 25 seasons, from 1947-48 to 1971-72, Georgetown was a basketball mediocrity, winning 296 games, losing 302. It never made the NCAA championship tourna-

continued

John Thompson

continued

ment. It made the NIT only twice, and both times was eliminated in the first round.

During the past eight seasons, however, Georgetown has been in six postseason tournaments (NCAA four times, NIT twice) and has been one of the winningest college basketball teams in the country (156 victories, 72 defeats: a .684 percentage). Last year it was ranked 11th in the nation and advanced to the finals of the NCAA East Region tournament, in which it lost by a single point to NCAA semifinalist Iowa in what many observers regarded as an upset. Furthermore, Georgetown was on national TV last season, and two of its seniors were among the first 30 players drafted by the NBA.

Now that's a turnaround, and at Georgetown, credit for it goes almost entirely to Thompson, along with praise for his acuteness, creativity, dedication and all-round goodness. There are prayers, too, asking that this miracle worker resist the enticements of bigger basketball schools and remain at Georgetown.

Inevitably, a few detractors say, yes, Thompson has turned Georgetown basketball around, but it's something anybody could have done—if he happened to be a 6' 10", 300-pound black man who grew up in the basketball-rich District of Columbia, became a high school legend, a college star, a Boston Celtic and then came back to devote himself to good urban works in Washington. With the advantage of hindsight, it does appear that, bad as it was, there were elements in the Georgetown basketball situation that made it ripe for being turned around by someone like Thompson. Perhaps the only miracle is that, given their disparate backgrounds, he and Georgetown found each other.

Founded by the Society of Jesus in 1789, Georgetown is the oldest Catholic university in the United States. Partly because of its location near the seat of federal power, it has always been a politically sophisticated institution. Its departments of law, government, international affairs, language and economics have long been among the most prestigious in the nation. Georgetown has always had a healthy sense of its own importance.

This, in turn, has had a considerable effect on Georgetown athletics. On the one hand, Georgetown was a parochial school and had a ferocious desire to win games, perhaps as a way of cocking a snook at the WASPs. On the other, it admired the gentleman-sport tradition of the Ivies, the concept that young gentlemen without a lot of undignified training could dash out on the field and while the tar out of their opponents for the greater glory of the dear old blue-and-gray.

In the 1920s and '30s, Georgetown was a genuine collegiate athletic power, especially in football. After World War II bigtime football became too expensive and too demanding, and the university abandoned the sport in 1950, a blow to pride from which many old Hoyas have never fully recovered. It was later revived but only as a low-key, Division III activity. Track fell off a bit and baseball declined, and eventually Georgetown's athletic ego depended largely on how well the basketball team did.

Usually, it did badly. Occasionally, Georgetown would pull off a glorious upset, but these triumphs were too infrequent to compensate for all the defeats. Usually, the teams

were a bit too slow, a bit too small and, to get to the heart of the matter, much too white.

Officially, Georgetown had no policy of segregation, the explanation for the paleness of the place being that the poor quality of the secondary education received by most blacks didn't enable them to meet Georgetown's stiff entrance requirements. The first black basketball player was recruited in 1966, and for the next six years there were always one or two blacks on the Hoyas team, but usually they were tokens rather than studs.

In 1971-72 Georgetown basketball descended to the pits. The team had a 3-23 record, the worst in the school's history. There was a shake-up of the athletic department; the coach resigned and a committee was appointed to find a new one. They found John Thompson. There he was, the full-time director of the District of Columbia's 4-H program and part-time basketball coach at St. Anthony's, a small Catholic high school, which he had turned into a major force in Washington schoolboy circles.

"I had a friend on the Georgetown staff who suggested I apply for the job," says Thompson. "He said he thought Georgetown was ready for me. I hadn't given much thought to college coaching and, truthfully, I wasn't sure I was ready

In an impromptu playground game, Thompson shyly elbows a boy rival



for Georgetown, but I let them consider my name. I have a big ego, and I was curious to see what other people thought of me."

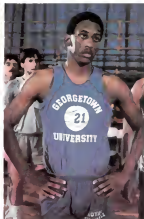
Charlie Deacon, now the university's director of admissions, was chairman of the basketball coach selection committee. He confirms Thompson's recollection that the first contact was a casual one. "The committee didn't know much about John," says Deacon, "but even the members who had other candidates were impressed."

That Thompson was something of a stranger to the selectors is an indication of how far out of touch Georgetown was with the Washington basketball scene. Thompson had been a very large figure in it, in all senses of the word, for 15 years. After playground and street ball he had been a high school All-America at John Carroll High, which won 58 straight games in the late 1950s.

George Leftwich, one of his John Carroll teammates, says of Thompson, "There never was a young kid who worked so hard. One summer he decided he had to learn to shoot from at least 15 feet out, which he couldn't do at all. Whenever he'd play he'd tell the guys on his team flat-out that every time he got within 20 feet of the basket he was going to fire. There was always some objection, but John has a knack for getting his way. It isn't just because he's big. It has to do with force of character. Anyway, they did it John's way. His team usually won, and by fall he could hit the 15-footer consistently."

After his John Carroll years, Thompson played at Providence College, where in 1963 he was a star on the Friar team that won the NIT and in 1964 captain of the team when the Friars made it to the NCAAs. He was drafted by the Celtics and for the first time in his life he found himself not only not a star but also not even a starter. The problem was that he had been signed on as a backup for Bill Russell. "Russell was durable," Red Auerbach, then the Celtics' coach, now their president, fondly recalls. "John didn't get much time and he didn't like it, but it didn't turn him sour and he didn't make waves. He'd work like hell, keep himself ready, and when he got a chance he'd do a job for me. He was a coach's dream, a smart, tough realist. He had good sense about his life, what was important in it."

In 1967 Thompson was drafted from the Celtics by the Chicago Bulls, but he turned down the Bulls' offer as well as several subsequent ones from ABA clubs. "They were talking about some fairly big bucks," he says, "but the honest truth is I didn't like that life-style, living on planes and in hotels, the high life. I was newly married, and I decided there were better things I could do with my life. I had a master's in youth counseling, so the 4-H job and working part-time coaching at St. Anthony's suited me very well. When



Both Jeff Bulls, one of four white Hoyas, and the team's star, Sleepy Floyd, have left Thompson's "love"

the Georgetown thing came up, well, all I can say is that I took it as a challenge."

Georgetown hired Thompson in the spring of 1972. The question arises: Did the university, out of desperation, shrewdness or enlightenment, deliberately set out to hire a black coach? "No," says Charlie Deacon. "No orders to that effect came down from the top, and it wasn't a criterion of the committee's. But there were some obvious reasons why it wasn't to John's disadvantage to be black."

The Rev. Timothy S. Healy, S.J., the current Georgetown president, is more candid. "There is something about Washington, D.C. that has always reminded me of a cuckoo's nest," he says. "The local people make the nest. The cuckoos—the federal people and all their hangers-on—move into the nest. They fly in and out, but their main interests are elsewhere. They don't really care a lot about what they do in, or to, the nest. I think Georgetown has been, to an extent, one of the cuckoos. After the 1968 riots it became obvious that the university's position wasn't very smart or defensible—socially, intellectually, morally or empirically. We began making some changes, some statements to the local community that we were going to try to be at least more responsible and useful. I think it's fair to say that hiring John Thompson was one of those statements."

And no one said, "O.K., let's get us a big black coach to show we aren't segregationists, and maybe he'll bring us some big black players and we can win a few games?"

"We don't get things sorted out that well around here," Father Healy says cheerfully. "I think it's taking too much credit to claim that what happened came about because of a farsighted policy. What I think happened is that an intelligent black man, with a clear idea of what he wanted, has weaved in and out between a lot of confused honkies and

continued

John Thompson

Continued

has accomplished things that have benefited both parties."

"When I was hired," says Thompson, "I had a talk with the president [then the Rev. Robert Henle, S.J.]. All that Father Henle said about basketball was that he hoped I could take a team to the NJT every now and then. I thought to myself that I'd eat my hat if I couldn't do better than that. But I didn't say anything except 'Yes, sir, I'll try,' because you don't want to set yourself up."

Thompson was given no directives—racially, that is—on the kind of players he should recruit. However, certain changes had occurred shortly before he arrived that gave him more latitude in this area than previous coaches had had. Traditionally, Georgetown has favored students with high college-board scores from largely white secondary schools. As part of the anti-cuckoo campaign of which Father Healy spoke, some academic requirements were lowered for black students, particularly those from the District of Columbia. The university went after black students who would benefit from a Georgetown education and who in turn would benefit the school by making it more representative of the Washington community as a whole. Tutoring programs were set up to help some of these students adjust. Now there are about 400 black undergraduates at Georgetown.

As far as basketball is concerned, if Thompson recommends someone, he is accepted. "We, of course, look over the records," says Deacon, "and they, of course, have to meet at least our minimum standards. If there is any problem, we talk it over, but this seldom happens. It is John's responsibility to find young men who have a good chance of making it here academically. So far, he has done beautifully."

When Thompson took over the coaching job, it was spring and he didn't have time to do much recruiting. He did bring with him three players from his St. Anthony's team, as well as two other local players, all black. A few weeks into the 1973 season these five black freshmen were starting for Georgetown.

"I didn't think much about it, but the kids did," says Thompson. "They knew what Georgetown had been: everybody in the District did. Mostly, they were worried that I

was going to get in trouble. I told them I didn't want to hear any more about that. If they won, people who cared about Georgetown were going to say great. Those who had something else to say had problems, and we didn't have time to worry about them."

The five freshmen did win, at least more than had been the custom, the team ending up 12-14. Thompson's only losing season. But the Georgetown tradition being what it had been, there was some mumbling about the change in complexion of the basketball team.

"I knew there was some of that going on, but for some reason hardly anybody ever comes up to me and talks directly about those matters," says Thompson blandly, and then lets out a characteristic rumbling laugh that seems to roll through his entire massive body. "There was one time the first year when a white lady phoned. She obviously didn't know anything about me, but she was very hot. The day before, there had been a photo in the paper of a couple of my big kids standing on each side of a little white kid. They looked like they were going to mash him. The lady said her father, maybe her brothers, had gone to Georgetown, and if I was the coach I ought to stop what was happening there—abnormal niggers bullying white students. I told her things were worse than she thought and that I was going to send her two tickets to our next game so she could come see for herself, that what she would see would make her blood run cold. I was very sorry that lady couldn't use those tickets. They were for seats right behind where I sit on the bench. I wanted her to get a look at the most abnormal nigger of them all."

That's a long time ago. Georgetown improved to a 13-13 record in Thompson's second season, got to the NCAA's in his third and has been a basketball force to be reckoned with ever since. By now the lady on the phone is certainly aware of who and what Thompson is, although there is no certainty that she—or other people who think the way she does—is any happier about it. One bit of gossip that has persisted is that Thompson cannot recruit good white players and doesn't want to coach them. continued



Squad members sign "Mary's book" and record how they're doing in class



Beyond the book is Mary, a.k.a. Mary Fenlon, the team's academic coordinator

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John Thompson

continued

"I've heard that, too," says Thompson. "The first part, about recruiting, is true. Let me explain why. When I was at Providence College they had a pretty good hockey team, but the players were mostly Canadian. The hockey coach had a lot of trouble finding good American players. You understand what I'm saying? Basketball is a game that is taken more seriously in the black community, especially in the cities. Black kids play basketball like Canadian kids play hockey. They start playing it early, and they care about it a lot, generally more than suburban or rural white kids do. That's why they're so good at it. It's hard to find white kids with the same basketball background."

"About the second part—not wanting to coach white kids—that is just pure crap. If I can recruit a player who's going to help me, I'll coach him if he's purple and comes from Mars. I'll like and respect him as a man if he deserves it."

One whose opinion in this matter merits attention is Jeff Bullis, a 6'7" forward who is the most promising of the four white players on the current Georgetown team. Bullis, a junior, was an all-city high school player in the Baltimore area. He says he came to Georgetown because of its academic reputation (he's a government major) and because he thought Thompson was the best coach of those who tried to recruit him. That Thompson was black "was never a factor, never has been since I've been here." Pointedly, Bullis says, "On this team the black-white thing just doesn't come up until some reporter starts asking questions. It's hard to explain how close we are, but we're closer, I think, than any of the teams we've played. That's how Mr. Thompson wants it, and that's the kind of people Mr. Thompson recruits. We're like a military unit that has gone through a lot of fire together. Mr. Thompson is the fire. He's very tough, but if you can take it, he'll make a man out of you." ("Mr. Thompson" is how his players almost always refer to their coach. Occasionally, however, say after one of Mr. Thompson's grueling workouts, they may speak of him as "Pipehead"—for the pipe that he occasionally puffs on in his office.)

While Thompson's Georgetown teams have been predominantly black, basketball sophisticates have long been aware of a more significant characteristic: the team's on-court poise and its formidable, almost, as Bullis suggests, military discipline.

"I'm pleased with that reputation," says Thompson. "That's the kind of team and program I've tried to create. But you know what they say next, after they say we're disciplined? You know the code?"

"That you play like a white team?"

"That's it. Undisciplined, that means nigger. They're all big and fast and can leap like kangaroos and eat watermelon in the locker room, but they can't play as a team and they choke under pressure. It's the idea that a black man doesn't have the intelligence or the character to practice self-control. In basketball it's been a self-fulfilling prophecy. White men run the game. A white coach recruits a good black player. He knows the kid's got talent, but he also knows—or thinks he knows—that because he's black he's undisciplined. So he doesn't try to give the player any discipline. He puts him in the free-lance, one-on-one, hot-dog role, and turns to the little white guard for discipline. Other black kids see this and they think this is how they are expected to play, and so the image is perpetuated."

"Another code word I like is 'deliberate.' A deliberate team means a team of big, heavy-legged whites. The idea is that they are deliberate because they are smart, but the real reason is they are too slow to be anything else."

"What I want," says Thompson, taking the conversational but in his teeth, "is everything. I want the talent, a kid who can run and leap and shoot, but I want him to have enough intelligence, discipline, character, or whatever, so that he'll walk when I tell him to, run when I want him to, pass if that's what I want. Without talent, all the character in the world won't do it, but talent alone isn't enough. There are great individuals and teams with lots of talent who don't win. I tell the kids that it's as though we're putting on a play. I'm the director. I'm going to pick the script, and I'm going to give them their roles. They're the actors. Their job is to

learn those roles—that's what practice is about. When we go out on the court, that's our stage. Out there they're supposed to perform as we practiced. I don't want anybody making up new lines, putting on their own act."

Thompson's coaching system isn't much different from what other good coaches teach. He stresses fundamentals (take good shots, fill the lanes, look for the open man, don't stand around), intensity in practice (flare-ups between individuals aren't uncommon), tight defense. But Thompson's good record at Georgetown isn't based on his tactical skills. The keys are motivation, control, discipline.

"Sometimes one of my kids may look like he's doing a lot of freelancing, but he turns it loose that way when I want him to, in a way and at a time when I think it'll help. I know he has the talent. He understands that, and he understands what the role is, and so do the rest. Take Sleepy Floyd. (Eric Floyd has been the team's most notable gunner the past two seasons. He led the team in scoring last

continued



President Healy disliked Georgetown's outside's-ness role



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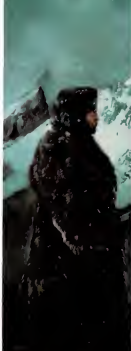
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John Thompson

continued

year with an 18.7-point average and was the MVP of the East Region tournament. I He wants to shoot, he wants to get his, but he doesn't get it by taking from other people on the team. If he couldn't play that role, he wouldn't help me, even with all his talent."

Thompson has had great success at recruiting this sort of basketball paragon from under the noses of rival coaches. For example, he found Floyd at a North Carolina high school where he was playing second banana to another player who was being avidly recruited by ACC schools—institutions that, for geographical reasons, are often Thompson's chief competitors for talent.

"Floyd was cocky and confident—he still is," Thompson says, "but he showed me some character. I thought that because of the situation he'd been in at high school, he might feel he had something to prove: that he could play with anybody, even though he hadn't had much ink. That's how it happened up here. He's worked his butt off."

Ed Spriggs, a 23-year-old Hoya junior and starting center, was an even more surprising find. Though he grew up in the District, he didn't play high school ball because, as Spriggs explains, "I was your basic 90-pound weakling." After high school he got a job in the Washington post office and began to grow. He is now a very strong 6'9", 240-pound center. Thompson found him playing in the city leagues. Spriggs says, "Mr. Thompson told me that if I was willing to work, he thought I could play college ball, and he said it was worth working for because the education I would get was worth \$8,000 a year. It sounded like a good deal to me."

Thompson says he doesn't like to hang around with other coaches when he is sizing up high school talent because he feels that among coaches there is apt to be an emperor's-clothes syndrome. "We tout each other on and off kids. You'll be looking at a kid with a big reputation, all-state, All-America, that sort of thing. Your eyes tell you he's not all that good, but since he has the reputation everybody's afraid not to recruit him. It works the other way, too. A kid without much of a rep looks very good, but since nobody else is talking about him, coaches stay away from him. I'm not saying that all the big names are overrated and that I don't want any of them. It's just that I

like to win or lose on the basis of my own judgment."

John Duren, a guard, and Craig Shelton, a power forward, were two main men on Thompson's 1979-80 team, his judgment about them as high school players was much the same as that of most of the other recruiters in the country. They were super blue-chippers and remained so. Last spring Duren was selected in the NBA draft by the Utah Jazz and Shelton by the Atlanta Hawks. Both rookies won spots on their teams' rosters.

"I'd know the two of them for a long time, both as basketball players and as people," says Thompson. Duren and Shelton were teammates at Washington's Dunbar High School, a basketball power. "I just told them the obvious things, that if they came here they would have to work like hell and do it my way, but that if they came here they could play together, their families and friends would be able to watch them, and they'd get a good education. They bought it. It wasn't a big recruiting battle."

Steve Martin, a 1979 Georgetown graduate, was a classic Thompson-type recruit and player. On a trip to New Orleans in 1975 to look at another prospect, Thompson mentioned to a high school coaching friend that his Georgetown guards were a bit small. The friend said he should take a look at Martin, who had been a big scorer at a smaller high school. Thompson went to see Martin and liked what he saw, in terms of both talent and character. "I asked Steve what he wanted to be, and he said, 'I'm going to be an accountant.' There were no 'maybes,' no 'I hopes,' no 'I don't knows.' I liked that."

In turn, Martin liked Thompson, Georgetown's academic reputation and the idea of heading north to play basketball. However, after arriving in Washington as an 18-year-old, he wasn't at all sure he had made the right decision. Now an accounting supervisor in Washington for the International Machinists Union, Martin says, "I was so lonely and scared. I'd never been away from home, and I didn't have any friends or relatives here. The basketball wasn't going very well, either. I'd never played with people as good as those at Georgetown, and I began doubting what I was able to do. It must have showed, because Mr. Thompson sat me down and talked to me very straight. He said he had shooters better than me

Continued



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John Thompson

continued

who were going to do the shooting, but he said that if I wanted to pay the price I could play as a defensive specialist. If I didn't like that role, that was O.K., he'd get somebody who did." Martin accepted the part, and for most of the next four years spent his court time going against the opposition's most potent scorer. In his senior year he was the Georgetown captain and floor leader.

To the extent that there is a secret to Thompson's success, it's one of the purloined-letter sort. It's right there in the open. He says he is firmly convinced that basketball, or at least his kind of basketball, is best played by genuine student-athletes—the sort that elsewhere are more often met in NCAA promo spots on TV than on courts or playing fields. Thompson says this increasingly iconic theory is the key to his recruiting and coaching and, as much as anything else, is the reason for the miraculous Georgetown turnaround.

"I'm not talking about ethics or altruism or any of that," Thompson says. "It seems very pragmatic to me. Obviously, I don't want dummies. I don't think they can learn my system, and they probably aren't going to stay in school long enough to be much help. Also, you spend a lot of time with these kids, and I don't like hanging around with dummies and bums. But it goes beyond that. Practicing basketball is like studying. You don't do it for fun, or at least most people don't. You do it because you're trying to achieve some long-range goal. That's particularly true with my kind of basketball. I don't go in for individual heroes. Everything is directed toward creating a team and winning as a team. A kid who'll work at being a student is going to adjust to this system better than the other kind will. He'll have some habits I need. He's more likely to listen and understand. He's had some experience at doing things he doesn't much like doing. He'll have a sense of what delayed gratification means. I can coach a kid who has decided it is possible to learn things.

"There's another consideration, which I think is crucial. The only thing I or any other coach really has to offer a player in exchange for his services is an education. Maybe at first we can show him about playing a big schedule, being on TV, living in Washington, but that's just stroking. After he's here, he's going to find out that the only thing he's getting

is that education and all the work that goes with it. If he doesn't care about that, if what he's getting doesn't mean anything to him, he's going to decide, at least subconsciously, that he's made a bad bargain—and he has. You won't get the work out of him, and you won't have control over him. You probably won't have him long. The only kids I want are the ones who think getting a Georgetown education is very important, more important than basketball. I've got some leverage with them.

"Let me tell you a story. We won our first NCAA bid in 1975 by beating West Virginia by one point in a playoff at Morgantown. One of our guards, Derrick Jackson, hit a jumper with no time left. It was a very big victory for us—Georgetown hadn't been to the NCAA's for 30 years or so. They were all yelling and whooping it up when I came into the locker room. I told them to be quiet. I wanted to tell them something. I said it was a great win, mostly for me, that I was going to get a lot of publicity; maybe I'd get a raise, even a better job offer. Then I said, 'What are you guys getting out of it?' and I walked out. I didn't want them ever to forget the bargain they'd made, the real reason they were at Georgetown."

At least one who was there that night, Steve Martin, has thought a lot about the student-athlete bargain. In the time he can spare from his accounting work, Martin does some coaching in the Washington summer leagues and is sought out by young players for advice on college choices. Beyond telling them loyally that he thinks Georgetown has the best program in the country, Martin says he warns them that wherever they go, "look out for the cheaters. I tell them that if the man comes around talking about a little extra, maybe helping them get a nice car or a nice place to live, they should walk away because he has just told them he is a cheater. It may sound right then like he is cheating for them, but if he does that he will cheat against them, too. If they go to his school he's the kind that's going to put them in a P.E. class, tell them they haven't got time for the hard stuff, that he doesn't want them to think about anything but basketball. He'll cheat them out of their education, which is the only important thing they're being paid. That

nice car will be junk before their four years are over."

"People ask me," says Thompson, "if it isn't a problem getting kids and keeping them in a tough academic place like Georgetown. Hell, that's the best thing I've got going for me. When I go to a kid, I can say, without lying, that I can make them a real bargain. In exchange for all the basketball talent they've got, I'll give them about the best education there is. I want the ones who know that that's a good deal."

As a practical matter, it isn't Thompson but an unusual woman named Mary Fenlon who sees to it on a day-to-day basis that Georgetown recruits get their end of the bargain, i.e., their education. Fenlon met Thompson when she was a teacher at St. Anthony's High. She later worked with him in the District 4-H program and followed along to Georgetown as a full-time staff member. Employing Fenlon as academic coordinator was, Thompson thinks, his single most important move as a turnaround coach.

"She's the conscience of this program," says Thompson. "When we began, I told her that if she saw me trying to cut corners, not being straight with the kids, turning into an egomaniac, her job was to tell me quick and straight. Sometimes I wish to God I'd never told her that."

Fenlon keeps very close tabs on the basketball players, counseling them on course selections, helping with their classroom problems, arranging for tutors. On Fridays, each player is required to sign "Mary's book." It is a ledger in which the players mark down whether they missed any classes that week, record marks received on tests or papers and make a short statement on how they think they're doing in each class.

"Freshmen sometimes try to fudge a little in the beginning," Fenlon says, "but if a boy keeps writing in the book that he's getting a B and ends up with a D, it's pretty obvious what has happened. He and I talk about it. If it remains a problem, I tell John. He scares them."

"I blow up," Thompson says, "I get upset and emotional, and because of my size, that sort of thing gets magnified. But I have never physically intimidated a player. There are better ways."

One way is to schedule a practice at 5:30 a.m. "You don't want many of those," says Spriggs. "The rest of us kind

continued

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John Thompson

continued

of make sure the new ones know the score, that around here you just do not, I mean never, challenge Mr. Thompson." The results of this close surveillance—or fussing, as Mary Fenlon calls it—have been remarkable. Since coming to Georgetown, Thompson has recruited 37 basketball players, and 35 have graduated—or (among current undergraduates) are even with their classes.

Beyond being their academic ramrod, Fenlon acts as something of a social counselor and house mother for the Georgetown players. "We're like a family, which is what John wants us to be," says Fenlon. "The public sees them as big tough men, but I see them as boys who are often scared and worried. John loves them, but in regard to basketball, he's very hard. They get mad and frustrated, and they begin to feel sorry for themselves. They need somebody they can come to for sympathy, to let off steam to, maybe even cry with, and get away from that macho image they try to keep in practice and when they're playing."

Fenlon goes to every Georgetown practice, even the 5:30 a.m. disciplinary ones. She also accompanies the team when it travels.

"John is very strict about things like haircuts, language and how they dress," she says. "The players have to wear coats and ties in public. It took the poor things four years to get John to realize there was such a thing as nice jeans. He called them overalls and had ripped them out. We finally convinced him that dress jeans were respectable."

"We travel first-class, stay in nice places, order whatever we want in dining rooms, but John always brings the boys together at the end of a trip and goes over the bills with them, shows them how much those rooms and meals and plane tickets cost. A lot of them never lived that way before—I know I didn't—and he wants them to know what it takes to go first-class. It's one of his ways of reminding them that it's important for them to get an education so that they can amount to something, be first-class on their own."

This sort of familial concern for his players has brought Thompson a lot of admiring attention, admiration that is magnified because so many of his non-basketball activities fall into the "good works" category. He serves as assistant on urban affairs to the university pres-

ident and spends considerable time counseling inner-city youth groups. He was named Man of the Year in 1978 by *Washingtonian* magazine. Around the university there is a joke that he is the local version of St. Joe Paterno of Penn State, or that Paterno is an early, white, experimental model of St. John Thompson. Though Thompson concedes he has never suffered from false modesty, such talk makes him restless.

"There have been a lot of good things said and written about me that are undeserved," he says. "I'm not a guru, I'm not an altruist, and I'm certainly no saint. What I am is a basketball coach. I hope I haven't done things that are bad for the kids who play for me, but what I've done here, I've done for me. I've done them because I think that's what you have to do to win, and my main object is to win. I want to win because I, John Thompson, like to win. It strokes my ego, and I have a big ego. I like the attention, I like being where the heavy action is. I like money. Sometimes I think it would be better for me to get out of this area where I have this reputation and go someplace where all that's expected of me is to be just a basketball coach."

Such opportunities occurred for Thompson this past spring. After the season, he was approached by several colleges and professional organizations. The offer he considered most seriously came from the University of Oklahoma, which admired his turnaround expertise. When Thompson flew to Norman for an interview, he took Mary Fenlon along. If he accepted the Oklahoma job, he wanted her to be on his staff to perform the same function for the Sooners that she performs for the Hoyas.

"At the airport," says Fenlon, "they put us in separate cars. I suppose on purpose. The man riding with me—I didn't realize how important he was until later—asked me what it would take to get John to come there. I told him about John's feeling for Georgetown and how the academic program was truly important to his basketball program. The man was very polite. He said he could see that Georgetown had a lot to offer, but then he said, 'We have more oil wells.'"

"It was very attractive," says Thompson of Oklahoma, "the facilities, all the advantages that a big school has for a coach and, let's face it, the money. But I

decided that, at least for now, Georgetown was a better place for me and for what I wanted to do. That doesn't mean things won't change and I won't change."

Oklahoma's interest in Thompson led a group of Georgetown alumni to buy a \$350,000 house in the District and donate it to the university with the proviso that Thompson, his wife, Gwen, and their two sons, John, 14, and Ronnie, 11, be allowed to live in it for as long as he remains at Georgetown. He pays rent, although no one will reveal how much ("I'll talk to you about my basketball team," Thompson told a reporter, "but not about my privacy"). In any case, the house makes up a bit for the Oklahoma of wells.

Rumors keep circulating that Thompson might switch careers, that he might leave coaching to become head of an urban-action organization, that he could be an international goodwill ambassador for somebody or even run for mayor of the District of Columbia.

"You can't stop talk," Thompson says, "but that's all it is—just talk. I won't deny that I can see myself at a point where I want to do something other than basketball. Mayor of Washington—that's a fine job. I might just take it tomorrow if somebody came up and gave it to me. But nobody gives you those jobs, you have to go out and do a lot of things to get into position to go after them, and I'm not sure I'm ready to even think about doing those things."

Still, he seems restless. His old friend and high school teammate, George Leftwich, who was his first assistant coach at Georgetown and is now dean of students at Mount St. Mary's College in western Maryland, knows Thompson well and has said of him, "It sounds excessive, but if I had to pick one man to try to solve all the problems in the world, it would be John." Now Leftwich says, "Is he ready to move on? I don't know. But I remember something he told me once when I was thinking about some possible changes in my life. He said that if a man is wondering whether he is ready for something new, then he is."

For now, though, Thompson remains at Georgetown, giving the school the basketball success it wants, getting what he wants from the young men he has recruited, giving them what he convinced them they wanted from the bargain—hard work and a good education. And a little more. Maybe a lot more. **END**

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CLASSIC QUALITY SINCE 1863.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 17-23

Compiled by CRAIG NEFF

PRO BASKETBALL—Midway through the Lakers' 107-94 win over Kansas City, Magic Johnson, while cutting on defense, suffered two left-knee cartilage, tearing his ligaments while the NBA's top assist man hit 18 per cent and 10th leading scorer (22.4) for 10 to 12 weeks. In his absence, J.A. Auer won games with Phoenix and remained 15th behind the division-leading San Antonio Spurs. Walter Davis' 14 fourth-quarter points capped a 102-99 Phoenix victory, three steals and 12 points in 18 minutes from newly acquired third star, Grant Hill. Jordan helped the Lakers to a 116-84 win in the Atlantic Division, Boston went 3-1 to move past the Knicks (10-5) into second, but first-place Philadelphia swept four games and clinched its lead at 4-0. Paced by John Brown's 38 points, the 76ers defied the Knicks (13-9), and then Philly beat Golden State 119-101, Indiana 99-98 and the Miami Heat 104-100. Leading Spurs 108-101, Larry Bird completed the Celtics with 79 points and 18 rebounds in a 103-90 win over Indiana and 27 points in a 108-106 triumph over the Warriors. Boston also edged Chicago 112-112, but lost 112-108 to Cleveland when the Cavs' Randy Smith, playing in his 700th straight game, scored 28. Boston also had a 3-1 week and jumped from fifth to third in the Midwest. With Moses Malone, the league's leading rebounder (15.5 per game) and second-best scorer (29.3) at or near his statistical averages in every game, the Rockets delivered Seattle 130-118. Cleveland 117-114 and New Jersey 116-108 before losing 120-120 to Indiana. The teams ahead of Houston, the Spurs and the Jazz, were a collective 3-4 over their San Antonio rivals. George Gervin scored 112 points in three games and Utah's Adrian Dantley had 34 in two. One of the Jazz' losses was 126-93 to Milwaukee, which also won 117 in their straight road game, 107-93 over the Trail Blazers. To finish the week, four games ahead of the Pistons in the Central Division.

BOXING—YASUTSUNE UCHIDA won a split decision over Leszek Hulewicz in Tokyo to retain the WBA junior flyweight title.

AARON PRYOR successfully defended his WBA junior welterweight title with a split-round knockout of Gordon Ham in Cincinnati.

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL. Thanks to some late-ditch scoring, San Diego and Oakland for first in the AFC West and the Browns pulled even with the Oilers in the AFC Central. The Chargers defeated Miami 27-24 on Earl Bennett's 39-yard field goal in overtime, while the Raiders lost 10-7 to NFC East-leading Philadelphia in a three-play TD run by Warren Montgomery with just 2:56 remaining in regulation time (page A5). Oakland had to take a late field goal by Chris Baker to beat Seattle 19-17 on Monday night. Houston, after scoring four touchdowns in the final quarter to tie the Jets, lost 38-28 at overtime when New York's Pat Leahy kicked a 30-yarder. Ken Stabler threw for all four Houston TDs and a career-high 188 yards, but was intercepted four times. Cleveland had an easy win with Cincinnati, defeating the Bengals 30-7 in Brian Speer's second for 318 yards and four touchdowns. The Ravens and Oilers, at 1-1, held a one-game lead over Pittsburgh, a 17-13 loss to Baltimore. Joe Ferguson scored three TD points and Curtis Brown ran 24 yards for another in the Red's victory, but Baltimore needed to remain one game ahead of New England in the AFC East. Although wide-lined Steve Grogan sat in a game for the first time since 1973, the Patriots scored two fumble returns and an interception en route to beating Baltimore 42-18. The Colts' Bert Jones had to leave the game in the second quarter after requiring his right shoulder. Detroit rejected the NFC Central lead by defeating Tampa Bay 24-10 while Minnesota was losing 21-13 to the Packers. Green Bay's Gerry Ellis and Eddie LeBaron rushed for more than 100 yards each, and Detroit's Barry Sanders the NFC leader with 1,118 yards on the ground, ran for a 21-yard touchdown in his eighth game. Atlanta (the NFC West leader, beat Chicago 30-17 on three Steve Bartkowski TD passes, 17.7 yards and a punt 75 yards for a K.C. score in the Chiefs' 23-13 loss to St. Louis. San Francisco defeated the Giants 12-0 in an early season upset. Dallas beat Washington 14-10 and Denver won its 20th straight.

OTL. Edmonton won its third straight Grey Cup defeating Hamilton 48-35 in Toronto.

GOLF—TOM WATSON shot a six-under par 283 to win a \$100,000 tournament in Michigan. Japan by two strokes over Mike Reid.

HARNESS RACING—NIATROSS, Clue Goldbach in the sulks, set a world pacing record for 15 miles while winning the \$18,500 final of the American Pacing Classic at Hollywood Park. The 3-year-old colt, time of 3:07.15 broke True Dime's 1966 mark of 3:09.9.

HOCKEY—After Mike Boryn's two assists and league-high 25th goal, gave the Islanders a 6-4 win over the Rangers, the Isles were within one point of first-place Philadelphia, which won only once in four tries. The Islanders' 4-0-0 week included Glenn Resch's 3rd shutout of Hartford, a 3-1 win over the North Stars—Minnesota's first home loss of the season—and a 2-2 tie at St. Louis. Against the Blues, Boryn had a hat trick, each goal set up by Clark Gillies and NHL season leader Brian Trottier. The Flyers' momentum was having to face teams that were near the top as they lost 3-1 to the Blues, whose anonymous scorer, seven after a 4-2 victory over Colorado and a 2-2 tie with the Caps, and 7-3 to Montreal, which ran its undefeated string to eight games. Boston made seven more against the Flyers and did the same in the Canadiens, won over Toronto, 5-4, and Detroit, 7-1. Minnesota, tied with Montreal for fifth place, and the Flyers, 1-1, on the sharp play of 19-year-old goalie Doug Bruggen, who also performed well in the Stars' loss to the Islanders. Philadelphia's only win was by a 3-1 over the Montreal Canadiens. The Canadiens returned the Kings after missing seven games with a squeaked left shoulder and promptly scored two goals and had two assists in a 5-1 win over the Islanders. Leah that left A.C. in third place, just two points behind the Flyers. Charlie Stenquist got in his 20th and 35th goals in that win, while Marcel Dionne scored in a 3-1 victory over Vancouver and a 3-2 win over Winnipeg. The Jets, after an 8-4 week, had but a single win in 19 games.

HORSE RACING—TUNERUP 033, ridden by Jacinto Vasquez, won the \$177,600 Hawthorne Gold Cup by seven lengths over Pink Phantom in Hawthorne's 2000. The 4-year-old gelding carried the 154 miles in 2:30.95.

TENNIS—WILFRED BRICK won a \$60,000 round-robin tournament in Dehra by beating the Nestor 3-6, 7-6, 6-4.

VIJAY ARMITRAJ defeated Brian Teacher 6-1, 7-5 to win a \$75,000 indoor tournament in Bangkok.

WRESTLING—FRED RICK VENTURA, 34, who coached the Northwestern University football team to a 9-11 record in 1980 and a 1-31-1 mark over the last three seasons.

After only 18 games as coach of the Edmonton Oilers, BRIAN WATSON, 38, whose team was 4-9-5. General Manager Glen Sather let Watson out of the team's interim coach.

MOVED TO Jacksonville, Fla., the NASL New England Tea Men, who ranked sixth in the league in attendance last season, with an average of 11,835.

NAMED The American League's Most Valuable Player, Kansas City Third Baseman GEORGE BRETT, 27, whose .390 batting average was the highest in the major leagues since 1940. He had 24 home runs and 118 RBIs despite playing only 117 games because of injuries.

RESIGNED After one season as manager of the Yankees, DICK HOWES, 42, whose team won the American League East title with a 103-59 record but lost 3-0 in the playoffs to Kansas City. GENE MICHAEL, 42, will relinquish his job as Yankee general manager and replace Howes.

New York Ranger Coach FRED SHIRO, 55, whose team are off to a 4-2-1 record in four seasons and a three-year record with New York of 42-24-24. Ranger Director of Operations Craig Patrick, 34, was named interim coach.

DIED CONN SMITHE, 85, former owner (1927-60) of the Toronto Maple Leafs and a member of the NHL Hall of Fame, of a heart attack at his home in Toronto. A lively promoter who often traded with other owners he built Maple Leaf Gardens in 1931 and saw seven of his sons play with the Stanley Cup.

CREDITS

6—Tony Tony 06, 11—Hank Klumpp, 18—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 21—Hank Klumpp, 22—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 23—Hank Klumpp, 24—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 25—Hank Klumpp, 26—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 27—Hank Klumpp, 28—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 29—Hank Klumpp, 30—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 31—Hank Klumpp, 32—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 33—Hank Klumpp, 34—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 35—Hank Klumpp, 36—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 37—Hank Klumpp, 38—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 39—Hank Klumpp, 40—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 41—Hank Klumpp, 42—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 43—Hank Klumpp, 44—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 45—Hank Klumpp, 46—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 47—Hank Klumpp, 48—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 49—Hank Klumpp, 50—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 51—Hank Klumpp, 52—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 53—Hank Klumpp, 54—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 55—Hank Klumpp, 56—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 57—Hank Klumpp, 58—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 59—Hank Klumpp, 60—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 61—Hank Klumpp, 62—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 63—Hank Klumpp, 64—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 65—Hank Klumpp, 66—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 67—Hank Klumpp, 68—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 69—Hank Klumpp, 70—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 71—Hank Klumpp, 72—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 73—Hank Klumpp, 74—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 75—Hank Klumpp, 76—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 77—Hank Klumpp, 78—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 79—Hank Klumpp, 80—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 81—Hank Klumpp, 82—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 83—Hank Klumpp, 84—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 85—Hank Klumpp, 86—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 87—Hank Klumpp, 88—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 89—Hank Klumpp, 90—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 91—Hank Klumpp, 92—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 93—Hank Klumpp, 94—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 95—Hank Klumpp, 96—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 97—Hank Klumpp, 98—Joe Jerry Viscardi, 99—Hank Klumpp, 100—Joe Jerry Viscardi.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TERRELL BAILEY
PHOTOGRAPH BY

Terrell, a senior center-forward for Silver Lake Regional High, set U.S. High school field hockey record for goals in one game (10) and one season (42) while leading his team to an 11-0-1 mark. Her '96 career goals were six shy of another record.



FRED BUCKLEY
BOX A BATA, ELA

Fred, a 6' 3", 190-pound senior at Fort Lauderdale's Cardinal Gibbons High, passed for 1,954 yards and 19 TDs this season, giving him 4,719 yards and 44 touchdowns in his career. He is one of the nation's three top quarterback prospects.



TOMIA CHAMBLISS
MILITARY TOWN, MARYLAND

Tomia, an 8-year-old center-forward, was the leading scorer in the Hollywood American Youth Soccer Organization with 21 goals. She was the only player to score for her team, the Cougars, who finished with a league-leading 9-1 record.



JOHN ERICKSON
GREENSBORO, N.C.

John, 14, the Southeastern U.S. Junior Olympic 3,000-meter champion, set a national 14-and-under road-racing record of 55:19 in the Lynchburg (Va.) Ten Miles, lowering the previous mark by 1:33 and finishing 66th out of 4,000 runners.



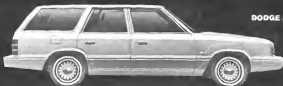
STEVE FERN
EMERYVILLE

Steve, 26, part owner of a bowling equipment shop, has been Cincinnati's bowler of the Year three times in a row. He won the 1980 American Bowling Congress all-events title, was the highest finisher (third) among amateurs in the 1980 U.S. Open and won the local qualifying tournament for the 1981 U.S. Open. His wife Nancy, 27, a newspaperer for the FBI, whose average is 207 compared to Steve's 218, also won the '81 qualifier and has been Cincinnati's female Bowler of the Year four straight times.



NANCY FERN
EMERYVILLE

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DODGE ARIES-K WAGON \$6,721*

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41 **25**⁺

EST. HWY. EPA EST. MPG.



DODGE 024 HATCHBACK \$6,149*

41 **27**⁺

EST. HWY. EPA EST. MPG.



DODGE OMNI MISER \$5,299*

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EST. HWY. EPA EST. MPG.



DODGE COLT HATCHBACK \$4,988*

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	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE*
ARIES-K CUSTOM WAGON	40	24	6	Front	\$6,721
Oldsmobile Cutlass Wagon	30	21	6	Rear	\$7,417
Chevrolet Malibu Wagon	26	19	6	Rear	\$6,792
Pontiac LeMans Wagon	30	21	6	Rear	\$7,316
Toyota Corona Wagon	37	25	5	Rear	\$6,649
Datsun 810 Wagon	34	23	5	Rear	\$7,929

Dodge Aries-K Custom Wagon Standard Features: • 1600 cc 2-Door V6 engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack and pinion steering • Power front disc and rear drum brakes • Semi-convex windshield wipers • AM radio (may be deleted for extra \$65.00) • 14" air bags (driver's seat belt must be worn) • Custom all-venyl bench seats • Deluxe color keyed safety belts • Wheelcap appropriate with vehicle paint

	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE*
ARIES-K COUPE	41	25	6	Front	\$5,550
Chevrolet Citation 2-Door Hatchback	35	22	5	Front	\$6,270
Oldsmobile Omega 2-Door Coupe	35	22	5	Front	\$6,343
Buick Skylark 2-Door Coupe	35	22	5	Front	\$6,406
Ford Fairmont 2-Door Sedan	34	23	5/6	Rear	\$6,032
Ford Granada 2-Door Sedan	34	23	5/6	Rear	\$6,474

Dodge Aries-K Coupe Standard Features: • 1600 cc 2-Door V6 engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack and pinion steering • Power front disc and rear drum brakes • Semi-convex windshield wipers • Dark and-venyl bench seats • Deluxe color keyed safety belts • Color keyed carpeting

	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE*
024 2-DOOR HATCHBACK	41	27	5	Front	\$6,149
Honda Prelude	36	27	4	Front	\$7,095
Datsun 200SX 2-Door Hatchback	39	28	4	Rear	\$7,189
Ford Mustang 2-Door Hatchback	34	23	4	Rear	\$6,406
Toyota Celica GT 2-Door Liftback	37	25	4	Rear	\$7,209
VW Scirocco 2-Door Hatchback	40	25	4	Front	\$8,495

Dodge 024 2-Door Hatchback Standard Features: • 4 cylinder 1.7 liter GPC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack and pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4 speed manual transmission • Power glass • Radiator fans • Fold down rear seat • Custom all-venyl bucket seats • Sport steering wheel

	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE*
OMNI MISC 4-DOOR LIFTBACK	50	30	5	Front	\$5,299
Ford Escort L 4-Door Liftgate	42	27	4	Front	\$5,814
VW Rabbit L 4-Door Liftback	42	28	4	Front	\$6,520
Datsun 510 4-Door Hatchback	41	30	4	Rear	\$6,639
Toyota Corolla Deluxe 4-Door Sedan	39	28	4	Rear	\$5,458
Chevrolet Chevette 4-Door Liftback	39	30	4	Rear	\$5,394

Dodge Omni Misc 4-Door Liftback Standard Features: • 4 cylinder 1.7 liter GPC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack and pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4 speed manual transmission • Radiator fans • Multi-function steering column lever • Fold down rear seat (liftback ability) • All-venyl bucket seats • Color keyed carpeting. Available for order

	EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE*
COLT HATCHBACK	50	37	5	Front	\$4,988
Ford Escort 3-Door Hatchback	44	30	4	Front	\$5,158
Toyota Tercel Liftback	46	34	5	Front	\$5,058
Datsun 310 2-Door Hatchback	42	32	4	Front	\$5,189
Honda Accord	36	27	4	Front	\$6,449
Chevrolet Chevette 2-Door	39	30	4	Rear	\$5,255

Dodge Colt Hatchback Standard Features: • 4 cylinder 1.6 liter GPC 2000 cc engine with helical-beat combustion chambers • Electronic ignition • Rack and pinion steering • Power front disc brakes • 4 speed manual transmission • Semi-convex windshield wipers • Power windows • Temperature and fuel gauges • Wheelcap bucket seats • Folding rear seat • Front and rear bumper guards

*Use EPA est. MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. **Base vehicle prices. Standard equipment levels vary among cars. Destination charges, title and taxes extra. \$55 extra on Omni and \$58 extra on 024. **Based on October sales.

PHILLY PHILEM & FURY

Sir:

I have been a big fan of SI for the last 15 years, but your piece on the Philadelphia Flyers (*The Team That People Just Love to Hate*, Nov. 17) was a disgrace.

PETER S. DOONER III
Wynnewood, Pa.

Sir:

Larry Brooks' article on the Flyers was ridiculous. It's unfair to imply that the team is a "system" of intimidation. The Flyers have outstanding players who know how to play hockey the way it's supposed to be played, and intimidation is part of the game. Paul Holmgren, whom Brooks criticizes, happens to be a man who plants himself in front of the opposition's crease, where opponents try to knock him away. Yes, he gets penalties, but he can't be a nice guy and expect to be able to handle the position.

RAY WEINMANN JR.
Wynnewood, Pa.

Sir:

Call me a skeptic, but I don't believe the Flyers produced the best record in the NHL solely by the use of terrorist tactics.

RICHARD D. PEARCE
Wilmington, Del.

Sir:

Larry Brooks' article was absurd. The Flyers are a very talented hockey team. If a team wants to mix it up, the Flyers have the muscle to win. If the other team wants to skate, the Flyers have the speed to skate with them and win that way. A team that has won as consistently as the Flyers have during the past 10 years deserves some positive credit.

JIM WAGNER
Newtown Square, Pa.

Sir:

I agree that the NHL is in trouble because of violence and the selective application of the rules governing violence. However, to reinforce the bad reputation of the Flyers and imply that they're the sole cause of NHL violence is ridiculous.

S GUTWOLS
Hatboro, Pa.

Sir:

Thank you for a terrific article on the real Philadelphia Flyers, the greatest bunch of cheapshots in the NHL.

TOM HANSON
Wilmar, Minn.

Sir:

Your article on the Philadelphia Flyers was accurate.

STEVE FOCARDE
Greenlawn, N.Y.

Sir:

I'm glad the dirty tactics used by the Flyers are being brought to light. Their crude methods are nothing new, but maybe the slow-moving NHL directors will see the light.

SCOTT SMITH
Buffalo

Sir:

I'm a hockey fan and a longtime Flyer follower, but your article served as a painful reminder: How long can any professional sport condone, indeed encourage, violence that an average citizen could be arrested for?

Wake up, NHL, before someone gets killed.
CHUCK EGNER
East Thetford, Vt.

Sir:

Your solutions to the problem of violence in hockey would probably clean things up. For fans who are afraid the game will turn into an endless, boring wind sprint, I suggest you recall the 1980 Winter Olympics, in which fighting meant instant ejection. There was no lack of contact, but it was the kind of contact the game was meant to have, not stick-swinging brawls.

HARVEY WEISBERG
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

DOGS' DAYS

Sir:

I really loved the article by Joe Marshall on the Georgia-Florida game (*How 'Bout Them Dawgs?*, Nov. 17). It's so nice to see a different name on top of the polls instead of the same old ones, particularly Alabama.

KENT GIVENS
Pittsburgh

Sir:

You wrote that "the Bulldogs could gain their first national championship with a win in the Sugar Bowl." In your Sept. 11, 1967 issue, Georgia is listed as national champion in both 1942 and 1946.

BOB KIRLEN
Spokane

• SI's 1967 story noted that a dozen different rating systems had picked top teams over the years. Three lesser-known systems selected Georgia in 1942, one in 1946, but the Associated Press (UPI didn't begin its poll until 1950) named Ohio State No. 1 in 1942, Notre Dame in 1946.—ED.

MORE HAVE NOT

Sir:

The team I cover gets no respect. Eastern Michigan wasn't even mentioned in your story about the bottom teams in Division I-A college football (*A Who's Who of Have-nots*, Nov. 17). Yet the Hurons finished 1-9; they've

had only one winning season since they went big-college in 1976, and this year's team had eight straight losses. That's the worst Eastern Michigan streak since the 1959-62 small-college bunch went 29 games without a win. But that team didn't have athletic scholarships.

STEVE KORNACHE
Ann Arbor News
Ann Arbor, Mich.

HOLD THE BELLS

Sir:

From the time my students told me that Jimmy Connors had won the Marlboro Canton Grand Prix Tennis Classic, I'd been wondering: Pro tennis in China? Not until *To China with Love-15* (a marvelous headline) in your Nov. 17 issue did I get an explanation. Thank you.

One small point: Canton is not exactly Lower Slobbovia, being a metropolis of nearly two million people that's visited by thousands of Western businessmen yearly. I find it difficult to believe there is only one Western-style restaurant in town.

And do us readers a favor. Spare us from more of the "grass-snake soup and sweet-and-sour eel" but I assure Susie Trees wrote that with tongue in cheek, but my fellow Ohio residents take such phrases literally and have their stereotypes reinforced.

SAMUEL C. CHU
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

BIG JOHN SPECIAL

Sir:

Ray Kennedy's *Clear the Trucks for Big John* (Nov. 17) evoked memories of rejoicing and occasionally dying with John Madden and his Oakland Raiders. I found myself laughing out loud and feeling a little less disappointment that Madden had retired.

JIM HARRIMOTO
Salinas, Calif.

NOT BORING FOR ALL

Sir:

May I compliment J.D. Reed for his excellent discussion of sports in the Persian Gulf (*The Name of the Game Is Persepolis*, Nov. 17)? As a Bahraini studying in the U.S., I totally disagree with the American refinery manager's statement: "Kids are restless and bored." Restless, maybe, but never bored. How could one be bored playing a sport like soccer in the Garden of Eden?

MORHAMMED BUSHRI
Austin, Texas

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